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THE
HISTORY
OF
MRS. DRAYTON.



VOL. I.

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MR. DRAYTON

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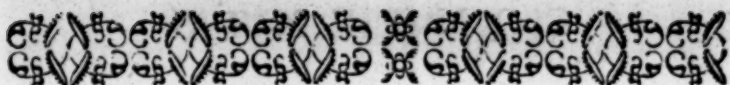
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THE
HISTORY
OF
MRS. DRAYTON
AND HER
TWO DAUGHTERS.




B O O K I.



C H A P. I.

The Picture of a prudent Woman.

 O a small, but neat and very
convenient house, a few miles
from London, Mrs. Drayton,
on the death of her husband, who had
a lucrative employment under the govern-
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ment, retired with her two daughters. Mr. Drayton, not being in the least acquainted with the spirit of œconomy, though the word was always in his mouth, left her in circumstances too strait, to enable her to support the figure she had been used to, during his life.—As she had married him, however, for love, and as he had always been a very indulgent husband to her, she revered his memory, and prepared to move in a narrower circle, without murmuring at the alteration in her affairs. She withdrew with dignity from the crowded noisy walks of public life, and struck into the peaceful paths of retirement, with as much satisfaction as if she had been accustomed to no other.—Few women would have so little felt the sudden transition from an affluent to a contracted fortune, but she was of so happy a disposition, that she could accommodate herself to all situations, and of such consummate prudence, that she drew advantages from incidents, that would have
thrown

thrown three parts of her sex into the most disquieting ones. Those among her female acquaintance, who saw with what cheerfulness she appeared, not knowing from whence it could possibly arise, were surprised at it; but her intimate friends, though they regarded her with admiration, regarded her without wonder.—The gaieties of the polite world, with which she had unavoidable and extensive connections, had never weakened her religious principles, and it was from these principles that she derived the composure, which amazed the majority of those, who, not having the same notions, thought it a most shocking thing to give up the dear pleasures of the town, and looked upon her condition as quite horrid.—“Poor Mrs. Drayton—’tis all over with her.”—“Well, I profess I pity her from my heart.”—“Aye, aye, see what all her finery is come to.”—“What will she and her girls do now?—They won’t hold up their heads so high as they have done I hope.—”

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“ Well, ’tis a sad thing to be sure, but if people will live away at such a rate, they must thank themselves—Places are not like estates.”—With these and similar lamentations on Mrs. Drayton’s fall, was almost every room, which she visited, filled, and though no woman ever studied more to give no offence, yet such is the propensity in human nature to scandal, that her character was cut up at the politest assemblies, with as little ceremony as if she had been the most abandoned of her sex.

Having, I hope, convinced my readers with the above few traits of her character, that Mrs. Drayton’s prudence rendered her vastly superior to all those, who, availing themselves of the change in her situation, insulted her with their pity to her face, and broke their “ villanous jests” upon her behind her back, I shall proceed to the description of her person and *agremens*, with which I should have begun had I not, like herself, looked upon them

in

in a secondary light; and not the principal objects worthy of a woman's attention, by whom the virtues should certainly be in the first place regarded, because she can only by a steady adherence to them, be truly amiable—This language will, I am aware, sound oddly and uncouthly in the ears of the gay girls of the age, who seeing but little into the real art of charming, presume very much on their personal attractions and are ready to jump into the arms of any man who will flatter them, but if they would consult the mirror of truth more, and their looking-glasses less, they would, I believe, alter their plans of operation, and depend more upon internal movements than outward manoeuvres in the conduct of their love affairs—But I am running into digressions, and must check myself.

Mrs. Drayton was in her person tall, well-proportioned, graceful and majestic. Her features, separately taken, would

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have offended the critic eye of a connoisseur, who can bear none but those of the medicean Venus, but there was a something, from the "full result of all" which drew every eye, and detained it.—In short, her whole aspect was spirited and commanding.—Her intellectual faculties were vigorous, and in matters of taste, her opinion had great weight with the most distinguished Literati of the age.—She loved reading, and made very judicious observations on every subject which engaged her attention, but her turn for books never diverted her from the superintendence of her domestic affairs, though she was in a sphere of life which rendered it unnecessary for her to descend into a minute survey of the lower departments in her family. Of a general superintendence she thought no woman should be ashamed in the highest station.

In company she always adapted her conversation to the intellects of those whom she

she fell in with: in mixed circles you would have pronounced her to be the most reserved woman you ever saw in your life, but nobody was more free in a snug party. Affable to all, she was by all, but those who envied her superiority in understanding or fortune, admired; a select few only were acquainted thoroughly with her intrinsic worth.

Perfect characters are justly said to be "monsters which the world never saw," and I should discover, certainly, how very little I have seen of the world, to draw sublunary beings without a blemish.—Mrs. Drayton had no pretensions to angelic purity, though she took all the pains she could to correct the infirmities of human nature. She was a woman, and had all the passions peculiar to her sex.—She tried to mend her faults, but she was often provoked to say, that they were stubborn things.—What these faults were I need not point out here, because in the course

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of the following pages, they will peep out in several places, and shew themselves.

CHAP. II.

The pictures of two modern young ladies.

THE two Miss Draytons were fine showy girls, equally high-bred, full of high airs, fashionable in their taste, and fond of pleasure. Engagements from morning to night had prevented them from being sensible of the flight of time. They had found no joy but in a crowd; if by any accident they were under a necessity of staying at home, muzzing in a family-way, they were ready to die, they could not endure such dull work—'twas excessively mopish, immensely stupid, and all that.—Upon such occasions, they yawned over the pages of the last new novel, beyond which their reading never extended. To such girls who had never
made

mailed visits but in their carriage, and who had never stirred a step without a footman, who had lived in spacious apartments, superbly furnished, and who had always sat down at dinner, whether at home or abroad, to the dainties of the season, the new life they were thrown into by the death of their father was certainly not the thing.—To such girls, a low-rented, small-roomed house, in the most private part of a poor little village, in which only two maid-servants moved about, and from which they could see nothing but ditches and dead-walls, was to be sure, execrable beyond description.—But the change in their stile of life, horrid as it was, by the sudden transition from affluence to mediocrity, would not have been so severely felt, if, instead of listening to the intoxicating praises of a fond but ridiculously indulgent father, they had attended to the wise and prudent admonitions of her, who, undoubtedly gave the strongest proofs of maternal af-

fection, when she endeavoured to convince her husband of the errors he was committing, in the management of his daughters.—The truth is, that Mr. Drayton being a vain man, and desirous of making great alliances for his girls, thought, that with their persons and their accomplishments, they might certainly be the Gunnings of fortune, and therefore, without reflecting on the absurdity of his conduct, in firing their young minds with the most darling views, introduced them into situations which, though extremely flattering to female vanity, are too often to female virtue (at least to female reputation, in the eye of the world) extremely fatal.—Mrs. Drayton saw, with the utmost concern, the pains which her husband took to make the lives of his daughters miserable when the fountain which supplied them failed, by filling them with desires, which, in all human probability, would never be gratified; but she could not, either by argument or importunity,

tunity, prevent the ill effects of his more than injudicious, his injurious fondness for them. No wonder, therefore, that these daughters looked upon their mother, not with the most filial regard, and considered her as a very ill-natured woman, to endeavour to lessen their pleasures, and to hinder them from making their fortunes.

The names of the two spirited girls above-mentioned were Clara and Arabella—The first was three and twenty, and the other a year younger, when, instead of rattling about to all public places among the first in every new dress, and among the foremost at every new diversion, they were cruelly obliged to be useful at home, to spend the greatest part of their time with their sober mother, to wear, in general, linen-gowns, and to help to keep their own cloaths in repair.—A negligée a-piece only was allowed them at a time, to return the visits of some odd people in

the neighbourhood, who, though in a genteel way of life, were no company at all to them—(a parcel of old frumps.)—However, in spite of the reduction of their wardrobe, they were always smart.—Their things were always put on with an air, and whenever they appeared, they would not give up an inch of their consequence.—When vanity and pride have taken possession of the heart, 'tis an Herculean labour to dislodge them.

By retiring in the manner she did, Mrs. Drayton acted the part of a prudent woman: but both Clara and Arabella were almost distracted about it, so odious were the thoughts of retirement to them. They had no notion of the country; they hated every thing in the least rural—Even a landscape gave them the vapours—still-life was intolerable.—By taking a house near London, Mrs. Drayton pleased herself, well knowing that she was not out
of

of the road of a few select friends, whom she could not bear to give up by removing farther.—She was, at the same time, willing to hope that her daughters, when they did not live within the whirl of pleasure, would be weaned from it. But in so hoping, she was deceived, for their proximity to the scene of all their former joys, only served to render their sighs more heavy at the recollection of them. Had they been an hundred miles from London, time, and the absence of these gay objects, to which they had been long accustomed, might have, perhaps, reconciled them to their lot—but to be so tantalized—“Oh! name it not—imagination sickens at the thought!”

C H A P. III.

The persons of Clara and Arabella described, their dispositions more opened, and their characters more marked.

CLARA and Arabella were in stature nearly of height; both inclining to be tall, but without any tendency to be may-poles. Their figures were striking, for they were exceedingly well-made, and delicately formed; and the eye that surveyed them with accuracy, was in no part shocked with disproportion. Their features were not irregular, nor their complexions bad, but nature had not taken so much pains in finishing their faces, as those of the celebrated ladies (whose footsteps they followed) when *they* sat to her.—They were not beauties of the highest order, but they were so much superior to the common run of pretty girls, that they were distinguished as such, whenever

whenever they were mentioned. Of the two, Arabella had the best pretension to that bewitching appellation; she had more warmth in her complexion, and more fire in her eyes than her sister had, with very fine teeth, and a very elegant little mouth, for neither of which Clara could be admired. But Clara, notwithstanding, had more dying lovers at her feet, than Arabella, who had a haughtiness in her carriage, which repelled those who came near her, in the moment of attraction.—Those whom Clara attracted, were encouraged to make nearer approaches, there was a modesty in her looks, and an affability in her behaviour which charmed every body; which, with a sedate liveliness in conversation, if I may hazard the expression, rendered her, in general, more popularly agreeable than her sister, who, by an assured stare with her eyes, a careless, contemptuous manner in her deportment, and a pert vivacity in her stile of speaking, on the most trivial subjects, (not to mention the
airs

airs and attitudes into which she threw herself, from the over-weening opinion she had of her own allurements) very often raised disgust, when she was aiming to be particularly pleasing.

With regard to their boarding-school accomplishments, they were quite upon a footing, but Clara's capacity was very much superior to Arabella's, and if it had been properly cultivated, she would have made a shining figure in conversation; but the love of pleasure had precluded all intellectual improvements, and sunk her almost to a level with her sister, who had not a quarter of her understanding.— While they fluttered about together in public, their heads were rated according to their appearance, but retirement soon marked the difference between them, and then Clara's had the advantage all to nothing — To her, therefore, with the help of the sensible advice and artful address of her mother, retirement, tho' at first vastly dull,

dull, and excessively stupid, became every day less and less so, and she really, in a little time, contented herself with the few peaceful pleasures which her situation afforded, with a very good grace.—I wish I could say the same of Arabella, but I cannot, without revolting against impartiality, pay her so high a compliment.

No woman in the world ever took more pains than Mrs. Drayton did to turn a couple of girls into the right path, who had been all their lives in a wrong one. She availed herself both of advice and reproof, argument and persuasion, reason and raillery to forward the great work of reformation. She was hearty in the cause, and indefatigable in her endeavours to accomplish her designs.—Clara was happily convinced that her mother was a wise woman, and had her interest at heart; she listened to her with attention, and was the better for every word she heard—Arabella was unhappily too self-sufficient
to

to be convinced of her mother's wisdom ; paid no attention to what she said, but flounced out of the room, when she imagined a lecture was going to be read to her.—Mrs. Drayton often said to Clara, “I do not know what to do with your sister ; she is incorrigible : all my endeavours to make her think right, are thrown away : she is so head-strong in her temper, and so thoroughly satisfied with herself, that nothing I say to her makes any impression—Happily, my dear Clara, you are of a different disposition, and I hope will be more and more confirmed in your present way of thinking”—“I dare say I shall, Madam, said Clara, and only wonder that I so long opposed your kind intentions to make me think as I do—I hate myself for having been so blind to my true interest, but I hope I shall never mistake it any more.”

This little dialogue between Mrs. Drayton and Clara, will, I flatter myself, throw a strong

strong light upon the character of the latter, and give my readers a perfect idea of her: from the following they will perhaps have no incorrect one of the character of Arabella.

“ I am sorry, Bell, said Mrs. Drayton one day to her, that you have so little regard to your own happiness, as to fly out in the manner you do, whenever I am going to give you any advice—Your sister hears me with patience.”—“ O Ma’am, as to my sister, said Bell, she is grown quite stupid since she came here, but for my part I can never like this nasty place—I cannot bear it—and as for advice I cannot abide it—I suppose you want to make me wife—but I hate to be wife.”—From girls of this turn what can be expected?—What my readers expect from Miss Bell Drayton, from the sketch I have given of her, I cannot possibly divine, but if they will patiently peruse the following pages, the contrast between the two sisters may, peradventure, afford them

them half an hour's amusement in a winter evening.

C H A P. IV.

A picture of the world in miniature.

IT was towards the close of the spring when Mrs. Drayton put her retiring scheme into execution, just when her fashionable acquaintance were making preparations for their annual excursions, in order to feast their eyes with the landscapes of nature over card-tables, and taste the sweets of rural air in crowded rooms.—They came very good-naturedly to take their leave of her, before they set out to their watering places, and by lamenting the loss they should sustain in not having her company as usual, triumphed over her with the most refined politeness.—Mrs. Drayton saw through all their little arts to encrease their own consequence by forcing her into a remembrance

brance of former scenes, and despised them heartily for having recourse to them. She despised them, but she was not in the least disconcerted by their behaviour, she was contented in her new situation, and she appeared so. This hurt them greatly, and very much lessened their delight. To have seen very visible marks of uneasiness in her, would have completed their triumph, but they returned home, however, quite satisfied with having done all in their power to stir up disagreeable reflections, and flattered themselves that those reflections would give her no small uneasiness, when she was alone, though she carried it off so well to their faces.—What charming satisfactions do the envious and the malicious feel, with which the amiable part of the human species are totally unacquainted!—Happy people! to receive all the pleasures of their lives, from the disquietudes of their fellow creatures!

Mrs.

Mrs. Drayton, I have said, carried it off extremely well, and thereby, in a great measure, disappointed her most obliging and complaisant visitants: but it is not to be imagined from the sketches I have given of their characters, that Clara and Arabella could behold the gilt carriages of their gay acquaintance, and the splendor of their former companions with a philosophic composure, and with as much serenity of countenance as if nothing had happened—The impulses of nature are not so easily resisted, especially by girls at their age. A thousand grown ladies, bordering on their grand climacterick, have been found divested of the powers of opposition in certain delicate circumstances.

Of the two sisters, poor Arabella felt herself always the most hurt by the behaviour of her female friends, because she had not sense enough to bear her up against the insolence of it.—She wanted sense to despise it, and she wanted art to keep

keep her feelings to herself.—Clara was as much hurt at the behaviour of her friends as she was; but her deportment gave them no reason to think she was, and consequently they were deprived of a great part of the pleasure they proposed, in the display of their malignant passions.—No girls ever were in a more trying situation, and none but those, who, after such an education, have been thrown into similar circumstances, can properly pity them.—I say pity them, for certainly the man who brings up his daughter in a way of life which she cannot support, when the breath is out of his body, makes her an object worthy of compassion.—He fills her with vain hopes, flatters her with empty desires, and inadvertently conspires against her happiness: for unless he leaves her a fortune, at his death, sufficient to maintain her in the manner she was accustomed to, he does her an infinite deal of hurt. The number of pretty girls buried alive at this moment, in several parts of the kingdom,

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kingdom, are witnesses to the truth of this assertion.—To those who are too much bewitched with the fashions and the follies of the age, the town, with all its gaieties is, indeed, before them, where to chuse.—If they are not very nice in their morals, they may make something of their charms at the markets of prostitution; but what must the virtuous daughters of an imprudent parent, who has squandered away upon his own follies, those sums which he should have bequeathed to them, do?—Obscurity must be their lot, and tis well if poverty is not also their companion: but these are gloomy reflections, and I wish they may not—what shall I say—least said is soonest minded, and so I conclude the fourth chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

The embarrassments of a mother.

I AM writing the history of Mrs. Drayton and her two daughters, but I am not writing a diary of their domestic affairs.—I shall only seize the principal, and most interesting family occurrences, during a certain period, and faithfully relate them.

A visit one morning from lady Freak put the Drayton family into no small agitation—the girls were over-joyed to see an old school-fellow, whom they had not seen a good while, but Mrs. Drayton, looking upon her as a lady who had contributed very much to make her daughters rebel against the admonitions she was perpetually giving them, with regard to their giddiness of their behaviour, and their immoderate love of pleasure, did not re-

ceive her with any rapture.—Lady Freak was a woman of the gayest turn imaginable, and thought every moment of her life miserably thrown away that was not, in her sense of the word, enjoyed—and to say the truth, a more joyous being never existed,—a more laughter-loving little mortal never breathed.—She was but slightly made—her constitution was delicate, and she seemed to be not in the least formed by nature for the fatigue of a pleasurable life, but her spirits carried her through all her engagements, and there was nothing stirring in the fashionable world with which she was not intimately acquainted.—Mrs. Drayton would have been glad if her ladyship had never turned her horses towards her retreat, not being desirous to see an object to which she had taken a particular aversion; and though she was a woman of the greatest affability, and knew perfectly all the minutiae of politeness, she found herself rather embarrassed at the sight of her ladyship,

ship, and therefore acquitted herself but awkwardly in returning the first civilities when she danced (for she never walked like other people) into the room.—Clara and Arabella, received her extremely well, because they were really glad to see her, and thereby made amends for all the deficiencies in the deportment of their mother.—But, though Clara and Arabella were both glad to see Lady Freak, they appeared in so different a light to her ladyship, that she she could not help taking notice of it.—“ Bless me child, said she to Miss Drayton, what’s the matter with you, are you not well ? ” — “ Well, madam ! replied Clara, rather surprized at the question, very well, what makes your ladyship ask that question with so serious an air ? ” — “ I protest, said my Lady, I am glad to hear you say so, but really, from the demureness of your looks, I thought you was very much out of order.—Why Clara, you are not like the girl you was when I took leave of you,

before I set off for France.—You was then as lively as a bird.—For G—d's sake, child, where have you put all your spirits? for you once had a tolerable quantity of them.—Bell, continued she, what have you been doing to your sister?—Well, I am glad you have not lost your vivacity.—Come Clara, pr'ythee don't look so very solemn—you absolutely scare me—one would think you was turned methodist, and spent your time, in railing against the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Upon my word child, you look most ruefully, and seem to be lost to every thing delightful. But my dear Bell, I am glad you are not spoilt for company too.”—“O no, my lady, said Bell, I am not at all spoilt for company yet, but I should be very glad to get out of this horrible stupid place, for if I stay here much longer, I don't know but that I may be as wise as my sister, and give up the world with as little concern.”—Give up the world! replied my lady, what

what ridiculous nonsense!—A girl at your time of life, continued she to Clara, talk of giving up the world!—But I suppose your sister only jokes, because she sees you look as grave as if you really had.—You have not really given up the world, Clara, have you?”—“Why indeed my Lady, to tell you the truth, I am totally changed by the alteration which has happened in our affairs; retirement has thrown my thoughts into a new channel, and I feel myself more and more weaned every day, from those pleasures of which I was once so fond, and in the pursuit of which I spent so many agreeable hours with your ladyship. A different way of life has produced different sentiments, and I now find myself much happier by reducing my desires, than I did by the gratification of them.”—“O lud, O lud, cried my lady, where have you picked up these precious notions?—I would not encourage such for the universe—I should be moped to death if I did.—But, to be sure, Clara,

your head is turned—'tis certainly turned, child, and I am sorry for you with all my heart—Poor Clara—to find happiness by reducing your desires!—Well, to be sure that is a droll way enough of being happy; but I must confess I cannot relish it; for as long as I have desires, I must gratify them at all events, or else I may as well be out of the world.—What have we desires for?”—“To be kept under, said Clara; and indulged only with moderation.” “Mod-e-ra-ti-on? said my lady—heaven's! what a word is there?—never let me hear that word again, if you love me, dear Clara,—I have full enough of it at home, and desire never to hear it abroad; I shall certainly faint if you repeat it.—No, no—I hate and abhor your moderate people, they are never good for any thing, they have no soul—no spirit; they don't live; they only doze away their lives—Sir Harry Wildair's philosophy for me;

Life's

“ Life’s but a span I’ll ev’ry inch enjoy.”

“ Right, cried Bell—that’s the best philosophy—I am entirely of Sir Harry’s and your ladyship’s opinion, and should be very glad to be in your ladyship’s situation to, make the most of life; for G—d knows, in this narrow circle of ours, we are strangers to all its enjoyments.”—

“ Well said Bell, replied my lady, you speak like a girl of spirit, who has just ideas and is not contented with meer existence.—I love you dearly for having such enlarged notions, and if your mother can bear the thoughts of parting with so lively a companion, you shall spend the summer with me at Freak-park. Bell was ready to jump over her ladyship’s head for joy, but was afraid to give a loose to it, till her mother had consented to let her accept of so pleasing an invitation—She looked full at her, at the close of her ladyship’s speech, in a manner she very well understood;—but no mother was

ever more at a loss how to determine.— Not from any inclination to deprive her daughter of an agreeable summer, quite according to her taste, but from the apprehensions she had from her being connected with a woman of her ladyship's levity, and licentious disposition, by whom she might be introduced into, not the most eligible situations—However, as Lady Freak's character was established in the eye of the world, though her levities were always making her appear in a ridiculous light, she at last, after many importunities from my lady, who with her usual vivacity and smartness obviated all the little objections she made to them, consented to her daughter's going to her ladyship's seat.

C H A P. VI.

A sketch of modern matrimony.

TH E Freaks were an extremely fashionable couple, for they did not care a pinch of snuff for each other, and hardly ever appeared together.—Whenever they happened to meet at a public place, you would never have suspected that they had been guilty of matrimony, so perfectly indifferent did they look at each other, and so coolly ceremonious was their deportment—Thoroughly well-bred, and patterns for conjugal behaviour.—To see a man and his wife tagging about with each other, side by side, like Darby and Joan, what a frightful sight!—But to see two people take all the pains they can to appear as if they had nothing to do together, though they are really linked by the fetters of hymen—can we suffi-

ciently admire their free air and spirited conduct ?

Sir Charles and Lady Freak were to be ranked among the number of the last ; and when I mention the motives by which they were impelled to hear the marriage-ceremony performed, my readers will not wonder that what they heard, while they were at church, made no great impression on them.—The solemn words, which would have been seriously attended to by vulgar beings, were forgotten, as soon as the book from which they were uttered was closed.

Sir Charles, when he saw Miss Flight at Southampton was quite an *avanturier* among the fair sex, and was indeed looking out sharp for a large fortune, that he might repair his finances, which were in a very shattered condition.—He arrived to his title and a good estate just on his coming to age, but as he was of a gay, dissolute

solute turn, he, in about five years, made such swift approaches to ruin, that he was, at the meeting of the above-mentioned lady, at the aforesaid watering-place, going post through the last thousand he had in the world. He was a handsome fellow, dressed delightfully, was smart to an excess, and had all the external accomplishments which few women are able to resist.

—Danced to a charm; went through all the polite exercises with so much grace, so much ease—and then to heighten his attractions, the most violent rake that ever existed.—Every county in England had been alarmed with his gallantries, and a thousand families had been thrown into confusion by his heroic achievements.—Sir Charles was a keen sportsman, and pursued his game with unwearied assiduity and sprightliness; but, like a true sportsman, his pleasure was in the chase.—When he had hunted one girl down, he immediately singled out another for the object of his diversion.—He had such

ways, that he found very little difficulty in conducting his intrigues.—When once he insinuated his intentions, he was generally happy in the execution of them.—What a pity, that your agreeable devils, should be so dangerous !

To a man in Sir Charles's circumstances, a young heiress with twenty thousand pounds in her pocket, and no relations to controul her, was an object not to be overlooked. She had few charms but those which fortune had bestowed upon her, but she had a lively, rattling, good-humoured way with her, which made a plain person pass off very well, and attracted a croud of admirers, to the no small mortification of all the beauties of the place, who having nothing but their faces to trust to for admiration, were not a little severe in their remarks upon her personal defects, and not a little liberal of their invectives
against

against the mercenary turn in the lovers of the present age.

As Sir Charles was a man universally admired by the fair sex, his particular behaviour to Miss Flight flattered her to such a degree, that she discovered the pleasure she felt upon the occasion by several childish levities in her behaviour, which gave her rivals a great deal of room to be sarcastical.—She saw in their looks how they felt, and enjoyed their vexations extremely. She frequently heard too their satirical reflections upon her with supreme delight. To fix the attention of a man for whom they were all ready to pull caps, was sufficient satisfaction.—Sir Charles, therefore, you may be sure, carried his point with great ease. He loved her because she had — twenty-thousand pounds; and she loved him because—he was a pretty-fellow, an impudent young rake, and had, like his royal namesake, “Scattered his image o’er the land.”—

Som:

Some girls, who think they make very wise observations, will perhaps add, that the bloody hand made a little impresson on her heart*: but I can assure them they are mistaken; for she refused several men with superior titles. — No, no, 'twas the man, the man himself, indeed, who made a conquest of her; for she married him without ever troubling herself to make any enquiry into the situation of his affairs. I do not say, however, that she married him for love neither, tho' she thought him so excessively agreeable—"Neither for love, nor rank, nor money?—for what then?"—For vanity—a more common motive than is commonly imagined.

Sir Charles wooed his mistress and he won her; but when he had won her, he was no longer the fighting swain he appeared to her in the *mollis tempora fandi*, the soft season of courtship.—He threw off the mask pretty soon after he had married

* The coat of arms of every Baronet is charged with a red hand.

married her, and gave the most indubitable proofs that he considered her quite in a convenient light.—They were however both very well satisfied with what they had done, and very fashionably pursued their separate pleasures with as much coolness and indifference, as if they had no connection with each other—They were both expensive in their taste, and frequently found fault with each others extravagance: on that subject chiefly their conversation turned, when they happened to be at home together.—Lady Freak having a small propensity to shuffle and cut for large sums, now and then returned from a rout very much flustered and fretful—cursing the cards, and wishing some folks would be more nice in their acquaintance and not suffer infamous wretches to appear at their tables—Sir Charles, whose chief amusements lay in the purlieus of Covent-Garden, whenever he found her in those humours preached up moderation to her most pathetically, and

and urged the ill consequences of playing deep, with all the raillery he was master of, for Lady Freak was not one of those women who would bear to be reasoned with.—But he never rallied her with any success; She rallied him again on the indulgence of his own favourite vices, and desired him to mind his own business. He wanted no encouragement to do that, and always left her, when so desired, with the serenity of a stoick.---How easy matrimony fits upon such a pair---and how much happier are such couples than those stupid people, who, by having a sincere regard for each other, are never contented but when they are together? But it gives me, and must every-body who has a refined way of thinking, great pleasure to see that conjugal affection is every day decreasing in the polite world, and that the domestic duties which only merit the attention of the lower part of the creation, are every day more and more turned into ridicule.---As we make such advances
towards

towards licentiousness, in this pleasurable age, it is to be hoped, and may surely be expected, that in half a century, nobody will think of marrying but from the most mercenary motives---whoever is alive at that desirable period may cry out with the poet,

Redeunt Saturnia regna!

That is, in plain English,

These are heavenly times!

CHAP. VII.

Bell Drayton's behaviour after the departure of Lady Freak.

MRS. Drayton was almost sorry, when Lady Freak had taken leave of her, that she had consented to let Bell spend part of the summer with her, but when she perceived what an agreeable alteration

alteration her consent had occasioned in her daughter, she became very well satisfied with what she had done, and did not wish to recall her compliance. I have already said that Bell did not bear her retirement well, and that she was addicted to little violences of expression whenever her mother endeavoured to correct the petulance of her disposition.---All this was true before her Ladyship's visit, but afterwards she was quite a different creature; so chearful, so good-humoured, and so obliging.---But it is also as true, that the sudden change in her behaviour arose from the extreme joy she felt at the prospect of getting out of the way of a muzzy mother, and a moping sister, and not from any filial regard, or sisterly affection.---However, as the secrets of the human heart are not discoverable by a human creature, Mrs. Drayton and Miss enjoyed the alteration in Bell's behaviour, tho' they mistook the motives for it.---Happy was it for them that they were so mistaken,

for

for if Bell had appeared to them in her real colours, her portrait would certainly have given them no pleasure.---“ O Madam, said Bell, you don’t know how delighted you make me by complying with Lady Freak’s request: I love you dearly for being so kind to me, and will do any thing in the world to oblige you.”---“ My dear daughter, said Mrs. Drayton, I am heartily glad when I have an opportunity to give you any pleasure, and shall never refuse any reasonable requests to make you happy.”---“ You are extremely obliging Ma’am, replied Bell, and I shall never forget your goodness to me.---I am very sorry for all the little offences I have committed, from the natural impetuosity of my temper, and hope you will forgive those in particular of which you have yourself most reason to complain.---I will try to be a better girl for the future, and study to deserve every proof you can give me of your tenderness and affection.”

What

What mother would not have been deceiv'd by such a plausible speech, by a speech so seemingly sincere, and dictated by the heart?—Mrs. Drayton heard it with the utmost satisfaction, and was so moved with her manner of condemning her own past conduct, that she caught her in her arms, and whilst she closely embraced her, bedewed her with the tears of joy.—“I am satisfied, my dear child, said the amiable mother, (for her heart was full) I am thoroughly satisfied with your present behaviour, and think not of that which is past.—I never advised you but for your happiness; you now are convinced that I do so, and from that conviction I foresee the most desirable consequences.—Clara, continued she, turning to her, what a happy change is this in your sister? Don't you sympathize with me upon the occasion?—I am sure you do—for you are as good a sister as you are a daughter.”—“Yes, indeed, Madam, said Clara, I am sincerely glad that my
 dear

dear Bell is in so fair a way, from seeing herself in a new light, to make you amends for the many anxious moments you have endured upon her account, and truly partake of your pleasurable sensations."—In this affectionate, and, some conceited authors would, for the sake of the jingle, the *jeu des mots*, say, affecting manner, did Mrs. Drayton and Clara please themselves with Bell's reformation, and rejoice at the alteration in her carriage to them, which was indeed unexceptionable, for she studied, with the most refined address, to support the high opinion they had conceived of her, and with great success—with too much success, for upon finding the favourable impressions she had made on the heart of her mother by her insinuating arts, she proceeded to exert them so powerfully, that she became a favourite, and received marks of partiality which no prudent mother would have given.—But Mrs. Drayton was too bewitched with Bell's behaviour, and the
many

many flattering speeches which she was perpetually making to her, to be in the least sensible of the errors she was guilty of, in lessening Clara's consequence to raise hers.

No Woman was certainly more duped by a daughter than Mrs. Drayton, and no girl ever deceived a good mother more artfully.—So exquisite indeed was her address, and so unwearied her assiduity, that the most skilful physiognomist might have been deluded by her appearance.—She was a thorough mistress of expression, looked every passion she intended should be seen, and carefully concealed every passion, which she chose should be so.—Never was there a more finished hypocrite.—After she had played her part before her mother and sister, she always flew to one of the maids, who was her favourite and confident, and laughed heartily with her to think how she had hummed them both.—What an undutiful child! What an

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impudent young thing! some grave and sober matrons will exclaim; and to be sure there was not much duty or modesty in Bell's deportment, I must confess; but what signify the exclamations of a pack of formal old women, who forget that they were themselves ever daughters, and therefore make no allowances for the rising generation?—The girls of the present age are quite upon a different footing from those of the last.—They look upon their parents as people obliged (by having had the the honour to bring them into the world) to supply them not only with all the necessities of life, but also to furnish them with its most fashionable superfluities.—However, let those who are inclined to censure the girls of the present age with acrimony, consider, before they pronounce sentence on them, their general education.

C H A P. VIII.

A few thoughts on the modern education of the fair-sex, addressed to the mothers of the present age.

THOSE who reflect seriously on the modern method of training up the young ladies of the present age—(for all girls are now ladies, from Westminster to Wapping) will not wonder that there are so few good wives, and good mothers to be met with; they will rather be surprized that such characters exist, especially in this gay metropolis, in which so much care is taken to corrupt the morals of the female sex, to divert their attention from the duties of domestic life, and to render them the most useless beings in the universe.—Every Miss is told, as soon as she can lisp, what a pretty creature she is, though perhaps the poor child has not the least pretensions of beauty, and taught to
look

look upon fine things as the only things worth her notice.—The passions of pride, vanity, and self-conceit, are encouraged in her, by the absurd behaviour of nurses and servants, and not unfrequently by the parents themselves, and a bold pert behaviour commended as spirited, and like a Lady of fashion.—Thus flattered, thus instructed, thus encouraged, thus applauded, she is sent to a genteel boarding-school, and very politely improved in the most trifling accomplishments, which, if she has not a very good understanding, are of the utmost disservice to her, by totally employing her thoughts, and indeed engrossing all her ideas—A taste for shew, a passion for every thing expensive, a violent love of pleasure, and a hearty contempt for those, who make the slightest approaches to find fault with them: these are the characteristicks by which the modern girls are principally distinguished.—I say not all, for I look upon an indiscriminate satirist, as an indiscreet one—nay

more, an unjust one.—I am happily acquainted with many who deserve the highest panegyrics---I know several amiable females, in whose innocent cheeks the rosy red of modesty appears, and who think the maiden blush no diminution of their beauty ; but it hurts me to say at the same time that my good girls are confined to the private paths, and bye walks of life, who have not been spoilt by boarding-schools, and the fashionable pleasures of the town, nor corrupted by chatting parties in the corners of a card-room, like the common girls of the age, who, while their mothers are busy about their game, are laying their heads very dutifully together how to deal with the old folks, and shuffle for themselves.---I would not be too severe on so fashionable an amusement as card-playing, which, moderately pursued, is certainly not liable to any reprehension ; but a vehement passion for gaming, is attended with so many foolish, not to say fatal, so many ridiculous, not
to

to say ruinous consequences, that I cannot, without revolting against my conscience, write a defence of it.—Had I a daughter, for whose happiness I had not the least regard, for whose character I had no concern, the first place I would send her to, would be the politest rout in town:—and I advise all parents who have a mind that their children should be above doing good things, to let them keep the best company—for great is the power of example.

C H A P. IX.

A trifling incident, productive of serious consequences.

BELL Drayton, finding that her mother was so finely taken in by the artful alteration in her behaviour, redoubled her diligence, and plied her more and more closely with the intoxicating cordial of adulation.—She studied, with the greatest attention, every avenue

to her heart, and seized every, the smallest opportunity to make her weaknesses turn to advantage---and she made such a progress in the good lady's affection by her insinuating address, that she received every day, several little marks of her partiality, which would have been extremely mortifying to an elder sister, of a different disposition from Clara, who was so constitutionally sweet tempered, and had such a regard for Bell, that she enjoyed the encomiums she heard upon her, with as much pleasure as if they had been lavished on herself.---Mrs. Drayton saw striking proofs of Clara's amiable disposition every hour, and should therefore have given her no room to complain of an inequality in her conduct.---But who is wise at all times? Humanity and perfection are incompatible.

Clara had a Squirrel; it was a pretty playful little thing, and a favourite.---It amused the whole family by turns, and

its

its frisking ways rendered it particularly entertaining to its mistress.---She had a great deal of humanity in her disposition, which extended to animals.---Her sister was of a different turn, and wondered at her fondness for a pack of troublesome creatures: for besides a squirrel, Clara had also a dormouse and a lap-dog.

Scug, while the two sisters were sitting one day at work in their bed-chamber, sprung out of his mistress's lap, and flew upon a cabinet, the top of which Bell had ornamented with beekers, jars, and several pieces of Chelsea porcelaine.---Figures of birds, beasts, men and women, which altogether, as she discovered a good deal of taste, in the arrangement of them, had really a very pretty effect, and looked extremely picturesque.---The rapidity of Scug's motion to this scene of all her joys, for her heart was wrapped up in her china, was certainly alarming enough, and any woman, who loved or-

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namental china as well as Bell did, would have animated upon such a trying occasion.---The mischief indeed which Scug did, was not considerable, for he only threw down one of the shepherds with a spirited brush of his tail: but any body who heard her lamentations upon the catastrophe, would have supposed that her whole collection of curiosities had been demolished.---“Good G—d, Clara, said she, I wish your nasty Squirrel was at the D—l, the ugly little thing is always in mischief.---I wonder sister, you will keep such a troublesome creature?---O my poor shepherd!---This little devil has spoilt the whole view, for my sweet shepherd stood so cleverly, that he was quite a striking object.”

The noise which the shepherd made in his fall, and the exclamations which he had thereby occasioned, soon brought Mrs. Drayton, who was in an adjoining room, to the apartment of her daughters, whom

whom she found very differently employed. —Clara was stroaking her Squirrel, calling it a thousand fond names, and bestowing as many affectionate caresses upon it, without showing the least concern for the agitation in which her sister appeared to be in, and which agitation her composure very much increased—for nothing can be more provokingly vexatious than to see people about us unaffected with incidents, by which we ourselves are thrown into a violent flurry, and deprived of all our fortitude and tranquility.

Bell stood over the fragments of her elegantly finished figure—not like Niobe for the loss of her children, for she loudly expressed the affliction which she felt, and had recourse to the strongest words, to make that affliction more regarded by her mother, who, she had reason enough to imagine, from the late partiality of her behaviour to her, would interest herself warmly in her behalf, and conse-

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quence,

quently say something mortifying to her sister upon the occasion, whose apathy she was not able to bear.—The trap she laid to engross the attention, and excite the tenderness of her mother, succeeded to her wish;—for she also availed herself of a shower of forced tears to forward her designs upon the good lady's maternal sensation.

Mrs. Drayton, as soon as she entered the room, saw Bell in the attitude above-mentioned, by turns wringing her hands, wiping her eyes, and stamping with vexation; she saw more than she heard, for, “My shepherd, my shepherd” were the only words which accosted her ears.

“My dear Bell, said the surprised mother, what has happened to put you into such a hurry of spirits, and to occasion such evident signs of distress in your behaviour?”

O Madam,

“O Madam, said Bell,—can you look at those sweet pieces of china before your eyes upon the floor, and enquire into the cause of my uneasiness?—My shepherd, Ma’am, my dear shepherd, the prettiest figure in my collection, which was so excessively admired by every body who saw it, for the beauty of the workmanship, will never be admired again.—My sister’s nasty squirrel threw it down, and I could beat his brains out for destroying the œconomy of my cabinet.”

“Where is the mischievous little animal?” said Mrs. Drayton. “There, Madam, replied Bell, in my sister’s lap, who sits as calm and composed as if nothing had happened, and by fondling the beast, thinks to be sure that there is no harm done.—I wonder she can encourage such a pack of disagreeable creatures about her.”

By this speech of Bell's, a mother less partial than Mrs. Drayton would have easily discerned, that the composure of Clara was a greater grievance, than the fall of the shepherd, and that the squirrel was only made use of as a handle against the sister. But Mrs. Drayton was too blind to see the drift of Bell's behaviour, and therefore took her part with a warmth, proportioned to the disquietude which she appeared to feel.

“ Clara, said Mrs. Drayton, why won't you keep your squirrel in better order ? You see what mischief the creature has done, and you sit as unconcerned as if no accident had happened. You should not suffer the little beast to fly about wherever he pleases, and just when he is in the humour. One of your sister's finest figures is, you see, broken, and the whole cabinet might have been swept away for aught you seem to care about it.”—The latter part of this speech was delivered with

with a raised voice, and in a tone to which the ears of her daughter had not been accustomed, who with great mildness, tho' she was piqued at the manner in which she was interrogated, admonished, and reflected upon, answered, "I am very sorry ma'am, that my poor little squirrel has, accidentally, disconcerted my sister so much, and given you any cause to be angry with me—and I am still more sorry to find your anger excited on so trifling an occasion." —"Trifling, sister, interrupted Bell eagerly, for fear her mother might be softened by the smooth beginning of Clara's reply, do you call it a trifling occasion?—I am sure it will cost me a good deal to get another shepherd to supply the place of him your little wretch has demolished."

"I confess, sister, said Clara, that Scug has been unlucky, but I can't think that the mischief he has done deserves to be magnified with so much severity.—One

would imagine, by the uneasiness you express, that your whole cabinet, instead of a single figure, had been thrown down, and totally destroyed.—If any animal, belonging to you, Bell, had broken any thing of mine, of five times the value, I should not have made half so many words about it—and I can't help saying that I am not a little hurt with the extravagance of your behaviour with regard to the loss you have sustained by the squirrel, which surely is not important enough to be lamented with so much theatrical sorrow—I say theatrical, for you express it with too much affectation to give me room to suppose that it is real.—I see plainly what you would be at, sister, I have seen it a great while—you are trying all you can to draw my mother entirely over to your own side, and to set her against me—but I hope she is too wise not to see through your little arts, and too good to be influenced by them.”

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This speech seemed to make an impression on her mother in her favour, and she was just going to open her lips, when unluckily Scug, making a second spring out of Clara's lap, flew to the same place where he had given occasion to such altercation, threw down the shepherdes, who very awkwardly stood, for want of her companion, and thereby gave a new turn to the dialogue; for now Bell exulted extremely, and said to her mother, "I hope Ma'am you won't suffer my sister to keep this mischievous creature, for if she does, I shall have nothing left upon my cabinet in a short time.—Tis monstrously provoking to see ones things broken to pieces by such a nasty poisonous animal—I hope Ma'am you will exert yourself properly."

Poor Clary, by this second accident was too much disconcerted, to defend her squirrel, it could not have happened more unfortunate, because it came so closely after the first, and precluded all apologies.

The

The fragments of the two figures, scattered on the floor, contributed greatly to enforce Bell's elocution against her sister, and indeed to forward the squirrel's dismissal.

“ Clara, said Mrs. Drayton, you cannot now have any excuse to make ; what your sister says is very true, if you keep such a wild creature about you, none of her things are safe.—I insist therefore that you part with it immediately, for Bell's things are much too fine to be destroyed in this manner.” In consequence of this authoritative address of Mrs. Drayton to her Daughter, Bell's triumph over her sister was completed, and the dismissal of the squirrel determined.

Are these the serious consequences which a trifling incident produced ? Certainly—and I appeal to all those young ladies who are immoderately fond of squirrels.

squirrels, whether Clara had not seriously reason to be afflicted at her loss.

C H A P. X.

Clara comforted for the loss of her
Squirrel.

CLARA lost her squirrel, but in the room of that favourite animal, she got another lively companion, and thereby mortified her sister a thousand times more than ever, for she got a lover, a smart young fellow, of figure and fortune.—Bell now looked upon the breaking of her china as a thing of no consequence---she was ready to break her heart, and many girls would doubtless feel themselves as much hurt in her situation. When a man comes into a family in which there are two sisters, his attachment to one of them will always pique the vanity of the other, whether she likes him or not,

Clara's

Clara's lover was called Mr. Burnaby, with whom she had, in the days of her prosperity danced frequently at public places, but whom she had never considered in any other light than a partner at a ball.—There was indeed a very friendly correspondence kept up between his family and hers, but as he had never behaved with any particularity to her, nor made any the least approaches, from which she could imagine that she was the only object of his attention, she received his politenesses without rapture, and returned them without emotion.

Mrs. Drayton was sitting one morning at work in her dressing room, when her servant informed her, that a gentleman in the parlour desired he might have the honour to speak with her.—By no enquiries which she made about him, could she learn who he was, for he was quite a stranger to the person who opened the
door

door to him.—Mrs. Drayton laid aside the work she had in her hands, and went down to her visiter—Clara and Bell were both gone to pay a morning visit to some young ladies in the neighbourhood.

Mrs. Drayton, when she entered the parlour, soon recognized the gentleman and was very glad to see a person with whom she had formerly spent many agreeable hours.—The Burnaby's and the Drayton's, I have said before, kept up a friendly correspondence with each other.

Mrs. Drayton had not seen Mr. Burnaby for several years, for his father having been promoted to a lucrative employment in one of the Leeward Islands, before the death of her husband, had removed himself, and all his family from England, concerning which she very much enquired, as she always had a great regard for them, and with great reason; for Mr. Burnaby himself was as amiable in
his

his private character as he was able in his public one, and a better woman than Mrs. Burnaby never breathed.

“ You are extremely kind, Madam, said young Burnaby, to express so much regard for our family, of which I am sorry to tell you I am the only person remaining.---My poor mother never enjoyed her health after her arrival at ---, whether 'twas owing to the change of climate, or whether she impaired her constitution by giving way to a train of melancholy ideas (for she always lamented her removal from England, and her separation from her old friends) I cannot tell—she languished a few years, without the least relish for life, and left my father and me inconsolable for her death.

“ My father, being deprived of so excellent a wife, so agreeable a companion, and in every shape so sincere a friend, was
so

so afflicted by the loss of her, that he grew very indifferent to any thing in this world —The business in which he was engaged, instead of diverting his thoughts, and calling them off from the mournful subject, on which they were almost constantly employed, grew every day more and more irksome to him.—In short, Madam, he threw up his post, shut himself up in a solitary place—never saw any company, and in a short time left me doubly distressed—More valuable parents no man I believe ever had, and you may therefore easily imagine how much two such strokes, pretty near to each other, affected me.

“ I have said that I believe no man had more valuable parents; and I am ready to repeat the words, but valuable as they were, they (from well intended motives, I am persuaded) did all they could to oppose me in one particular point, on which the happiness of my life depended.—They opposed me, I am satisfied, because
they

they thought that the point I aimed at, would not conduce to my felicity, and were not meerly actuated by the spirit of opposition, as too many fathers and mothers are, when their children are entering into matrimonial connections.—You are wondering, no doubt, Madam, to what conclusion this long preamble will lead—I see your impatience in your looks, and will instantly relieve it.

“ Before I left England, I had, from the frequent opportunities of being in Miss Dayton’s company, conceived such an opinion of the goodness of her understanding, as well as the sweetness of her disposition, that I wished it had been in my power to follow my inclinations, and make her my wife ; but as I was not then in a situation to please myself by so doing with prudence, and as both my father and mother, whenever I threw out the slightest hints of an alliance with Miss Drayton, always expressed themselves warmly

warmly against it, because they had another object in their eyes for me, to whom I had a particular aversion, I never gave your daughter the least room to suppose I was prejudiced in her favour, by any part of my behaviour, because, I always deemed it criminal to endeavour to engage the affections of a lady, whom I either never intended to marry, or whom I could not, with any prospect of mutual happiness, make my wife.—I am now Madam, by the death of those who thwarted my inclinations, (but whom I, notwithstanding sincerely lament) at liberty to follow them, and therefore hope you will not think me impertinent in soliciting for your consent to make me happy, in being related to you, and for permission to make my addresses to Miss Drayton, who will, I dare say, be surprized at this visit of mine, and little suspects the purport of it.”—Here he paused for a reply, and Mrs. Drayton was too polite to keep him a minute in suspense.

“ I am

“ I am sincerely sorry to hear your account of my old friends, Sir, said she, because I very much esteemed them for their very many good qualities: They certainly were valuable parents, though they crossed your inclinations, because in so doing, they believed that they were acting like good parents who had the interest of their children at heart.---Parents, and children, Mr. Burnaby, I know, by experience, are apt to see objects in very different lights, and you will be a happy father, if yours are always disposed to think their parents in the right.---But to the point.---You give me a great deal of pleasure in singling out my daughter for the object of your addresses, and you do her a great deal of honour by speaking of her in so handsome a manner.---From what I ever knew of you, I can have no reason to obstruct your wishes, your character and disposition are sufficiently engaging to render your addresses to Clara thoroughly agreeable to me, and I think

think I may venture to answer for her starting no exceptions to them.--- Whenever you have occasionally been mentioned, (as among the various subjects of conversation, your family have often employed our thoughts) she has always spoken of you with a just regard, which will soon, I doubt, on a nearer acquaintance with you, ripen into affection.--- But before I consent to your making your addresses to her, I must deal ingenuously with you, for I scorn to take any advantage of a man's partiality in my daughter's favour.---The death of Mr. Drayton made a great alteration in my affairs, Mr. Burnaby---He had a considerable appointment, and was reputed rich; he might have been so, if he had only availed himself of the legal perquisites of his place; but as he would never receive any thing but the salary annexed to it, his income came very short of that which the world bestowed upon him:---Besides, he was a man of an expensive---I must
add---

add--- (though I revere his memory, for he was the kindest of husbands to me) an extravagant turn, and never had the least idea of saving fortunes for his children, so that upon looking into his affairs, which, from the confusion they were in, he certainly was afraid of examining himself, while he lived, I found that I had nothing to trust to but my own jointure, and that a scanty one, for the subsistence of myself and my daughters. This is the true state of the case, which I freely lay before you, and leave you entirely at liberty either to---

Burnaby discovered several times a strong desire to interrupt Mrs. Drayton during her speech, and could not help, (at the mention of the above words, the meaning of which he perfectly understood, without those which he knew were just going to issue from her lips) stopping her short with "Enough, enough, dear madam---I am satisfied with the extreme
openness

openness of your behaviour, and am only confirmed thereby, in the designs which I formed when I arrived at your house. It is the person of Miss Drayton for which I am an humble solicitor; her purse is quite out of the question—the merit, not the money, of a woman, is with me her principal charm---without that, had she in her possession the mines of Peru, I would not enter with her into that state, in which wealth is much oftener the cause of infelicity, than the foundation of happiness---No---madam, I abhor all mercenary motives, and to convince you of the integrity of my intentions, beg you would look upon me, from this moment as your son-in-law.---But I am too hasty---I must have Miss Drayton's consent as well as yours"--- "That, replied Mrs. Drayton, you are sure of."—"Do not answer for your daughter too warmly, madam, said he smiling, for she may perhaps not see me in the light you do; parents and children, you told me yourself

just now, are apt to see objects in different lights."--- "I did so, replied Mrs. Drayton smiling in return, but I believe you will appear to Clara and me, in the same point of view."

At the close of this speech, a brisk knock at the street door prevented them from proceeding; but as the preliminaries were all settled, the interruption was of no great consequence---It proved indeed quite agreeable to Burnaby, for the noise they heard, announced the arrival of Clara and Bell from their visit.

Burnaby, hearing the voices of the young ladies in the entry, felt a palpitation at his heart, which his honest face could not conceal, for he coloured with that sort of modest confusion, which, in a man of honour who is going to make his addresses to a woman of honour, is an almost infallible proof of the sincerity of his passion.

When

When they came into the parlour, they both cried out, equally surprised to see him, "Bless me! Mr. Burnaby! who would have thought of seeing you here? How long have you been in England?"

After a few general enquiries about the Burnaby family, and expressions of concern at the answers they received, Mrs. Drayton sent Bell up stairs to look for something, which she knew would not be readily found, and soon after telling Clara, with a smile, that Mr. Burnaby had particular business with her, quitted the room, not only to give them an opportunity to interchange their sentiments without restraint, but to convince Mr. Burnaby of the thorough confidence she reposed in him by so doing.

Mrs. Drayton retired to an adjoining room, but hearing no words pass between them for some minutes, she imagined that

they might be, from a delicacy peculiar to lovers, apprehensive of her listening to their conversation, and therefore walked up stairs, asking Bell if she had found what she was sent in search of, when she had advanced to the landing-place, that Mr. Burnaby might be assured she was not near enough to check the effusions of his heart.

The movement which Mrs. Drayton made, was by no means ill-judged, but she might have stayed where she was without alarming the lovers, for their silence proceeded entirely from the mutual embarrassment they lay under to express their thoughts, and not from any apprehension that those thoughts would be overheard.

The particular manner in which Mrs. Drayton left Clara to a private interview with a man, in whose favour she had often liberally spoken, but with whom she never expected to have any connections,
and

and the placid countenance with which she took leave of them both, chained up her tongue for some time, because she was utterly at a loss to discover the meaning of her behaviour. Burnaby, observing her confusion, very much longed to remove it, but fearing that during his absence, her inclinations might have been pre-engaged, and that he might not appear in her sight as advantageously as she did in his, for some time his lips were also closely sealed.

After a long silence on both sides, during which the eyes of both were wandering in a variety of directions, but never met each other, Mr. Burnaby thus rousing from his embarrassments, broke it.

“ I see, Miss Drayton, by your looks, that you are endeavouring to find out to what end your good mother honoured me so far as to leave you to *tête a tête* with me---you may well be surpris'd, because

you are not acquainted with her motives; but you will, I flatter myself, when those motives are explained, not only cease to wonder at her conduct, but approve of it."

"I cannot deny Sir, said Clara, but that my thoughts are employed in the manner you suppose they are---The singularity of my mother's behaviour struck me, but without being acquainted with her motives, I am under no concern about them, because I am sure she would never leave me with a man of whose character she had not a very high opinion, and with whose conduct she was not thoroughly satisfied.---That something has passed between my mother and you, Sir, much to her satisfaction, I can have no doubts, but what you have said to occasion that satisfaction it is not in my power to imagine."

"I am

“ I am sorry, Miss Drayton, said Burnaby, that you lay me under a necessity of contradicting the last words of your speech; for, with your understanding, you certainly have it in your power to imagine the cause of your mother’s satisfaction—you must not pretend any longer not to comprehend the reason of this interview---your looks sufficiently convince me, there is no need of words to make those looks more expressive, that you make shrewd guesses at it, and that what I am going to communicate, in consequence of it, will give no offence---I would not willingly offend at a time when I am particularly desirous to please.”

Clara threw herself into an attentive attitude, and Mr. Burnaby thus proceeded.

“ When I left England, in compliance with the commands of my father, there was but one person among all my female acquaintance, for whose sake I obeyed

them with reluctance: that person was yourself. By the frequent opportunities which the intimacy between our families afforded me of being in your company, I saw you in so many very agreeable and amiable lights, that I felt in my heart the strongest prepossessions in your favour; what I felt in my heart, I often longed to communicate with my lips, but as I was not then in a situation to marry with prudence, without my father's consent, and as I found there was no probability of obtaining that, unless I sacrificed love to duty, I never troubled you with my addresses; though I punished myself greatly by the opposition I made to my ruling passion. I rather studied indeed to behold you with indifference, the better to prevent my real sentiments from being discovered by you, as the discovery of them might have perhaps rendered us both unhappy,---For I own that I was vain enough to think, from the pleasure which you seemed to receive in my company,

pany, whenever we were upon little parties together, that I was not disagreeable in your eyes--Self-flattery is a failing common to all persons of both sexes, but lovers are remarkable for it.--However, moralizing apart, I was happy in fancying that you regarded me with rather more attention, than a casual acquaintance, and flattered myself also, that I should one day have it in my power to offer you my hand, at the same time that I disclosed the secrets of my heart.—That day is now arrived, and my happiness will be complete, if you are as ready to make it so, as your mother is.”

Clara's countenance underwent various changes during the delivery of the above interesting speech---she was pleased to find that she was so highly esteemed by a man, whom every body, as well as herself, thought so deserving; but she was afraid to indulge the pleasurable sensations which she felt in her tender heart, lest they

should be converted into painful ones, when her lover became more nearly acquainted with the state of the family affairs.--- She was agitated by a variety of opposite passions---she looked at him with complacency, but she could not utter a word---she turned away her face from him, with a tear starting into her eye, and all her answer was a deep-fetched sigh.

Burnaby was too much concerned at this mute behaviour, which he so little expected, not to take immediate notice of it.--- Taking her gently by the hand, he pressed her to inform him why she turned away from him with such apparent anxiety. ---“Keep me not in suspense, Miss Drayton, said he, for I am too deeply interested in the present emotions of your heart, to bear it with patience---speak freely---speak quickly, and tell me whether you will consent to make me happy, or---”

Oh!

“ Oh! Sir, replied Clara, looking at him with earnestness, I know what you are going to say, and believe me I would not willingly make you otherwise than happy for the world;---because your behaviour justly entitles you to all the happiness which it is in my little power to confer upon you.---Think not that the anxiety with which I appear, arises from the least disapprobation of, or dislike to, any part of your conduct, or that I have not a proper sense of the honour you do me, by fixing on me to complete your felicity.---I am very much flattered by your prepossessions in my favour, but I fear these prepossessions will be weakened when you find that you have settled your affections on one who has nothing but herself to bestow.”

Yourself, interrupted Burnaby is all I ask.---If your anxiety arises from any apprehensions I have been induced to make the declaration of my passion, by any

mercenary views, banish it directly, for by no such views am I actuated---I abhor them---your mother very ingenuously informed me of the situation of her affairs, before you came in, and her openness upon this occasion, has only increased my desire to be allied to her.---She has consented to an union---will you then now hesitate to make me the happiest of men?"

"No---Sir---replied Clara---after so generous a declaration I should ill deserve the opinion you have of me, did I hint the smallest objection, to retard the completion of your wishes.---Lovers, with sentiments like those which influence your conduct, are in this mercenary world extremely rare.---Whenever they are found, they cannot be too highly esteemed.--- I am all obedience to the commands of my mother, and as you have gained her consent, you may be very easy about mine. It is my duty to obey so good a mother,
and

and I am doubly happy, that in throwing myself under your protection, I am at the same time authorized by duty and prompted by inclination."

"My soul's fondest wishes, said Burnaby, are now thoroughly gratified; and trust me, my dear Miss Drayton, the last words you uttered, were the sweetest words I ever heard in my life.---I cannot find expressions adequate to my feelings upon this occasion---my joy is exquisite;---I long to communicate it to your mother---Ring for your servant, madam---I must see Mrs. Drayton, to tell her how happy you have made me.---I am sure she will rejoice to hear what a thriving wooer I have been."

The servant, opening the door, "Pray child, said Burnaby to her, step up to your mistress, and tell her I beg the favour of her company here."

"How

“How could you, continued Burnaby, when he had given his message, keep me so long in suspense, with your fears and your apprehensions, when you might see by the whole turn of my behaviour, that I was pretty far gone in love, and that you had taken fast hold of my heart? ---It was not kind to----here Mrs. Drayton entered---Give me joy Madam, cried he, springing out of his chair with an ecstatic motion, I have gained your daughter’s consent.---She is an exceeding good kind of girl, I assure you, and I dare say will make an excellent wife.---Say, Miss Drayton, won’t you?”---“I will do my best endeavours, Sir, said Clara, to answer your expectations with regard to my domestic qualifications, and hope you will never have room to repent of your choice.”---“Spoke like an angel, replied Burnaby---and I beg you would believe me when I say, that I will on my
part,

part, give you no reason to wish that you had never been married to me.---Mrs. Drayton, Madam---you, and your daughter together, have put me into such high spirits, that I doubt I shall talk a great deal of nonsense, if I run on with my raptures.---Excessive joy is apt to make us somewhat riotous to be sure; and it is no easy matter to keep it within the bounds of moderation."

"Pray, Sir, said Mrs. Drayton, express your joy in what manner you please, you make me very happy in thinking that I am going to have so agreeable, and also every way deserving a son-in-law."—"O, Madam, replied he, bowing very respectfully, you absolutely confound me with your politeness; however, setting all compliment aside, I am extremely obliged to you for the good opinion you entertain of me, and shall enter upon the matrimonial
cha-

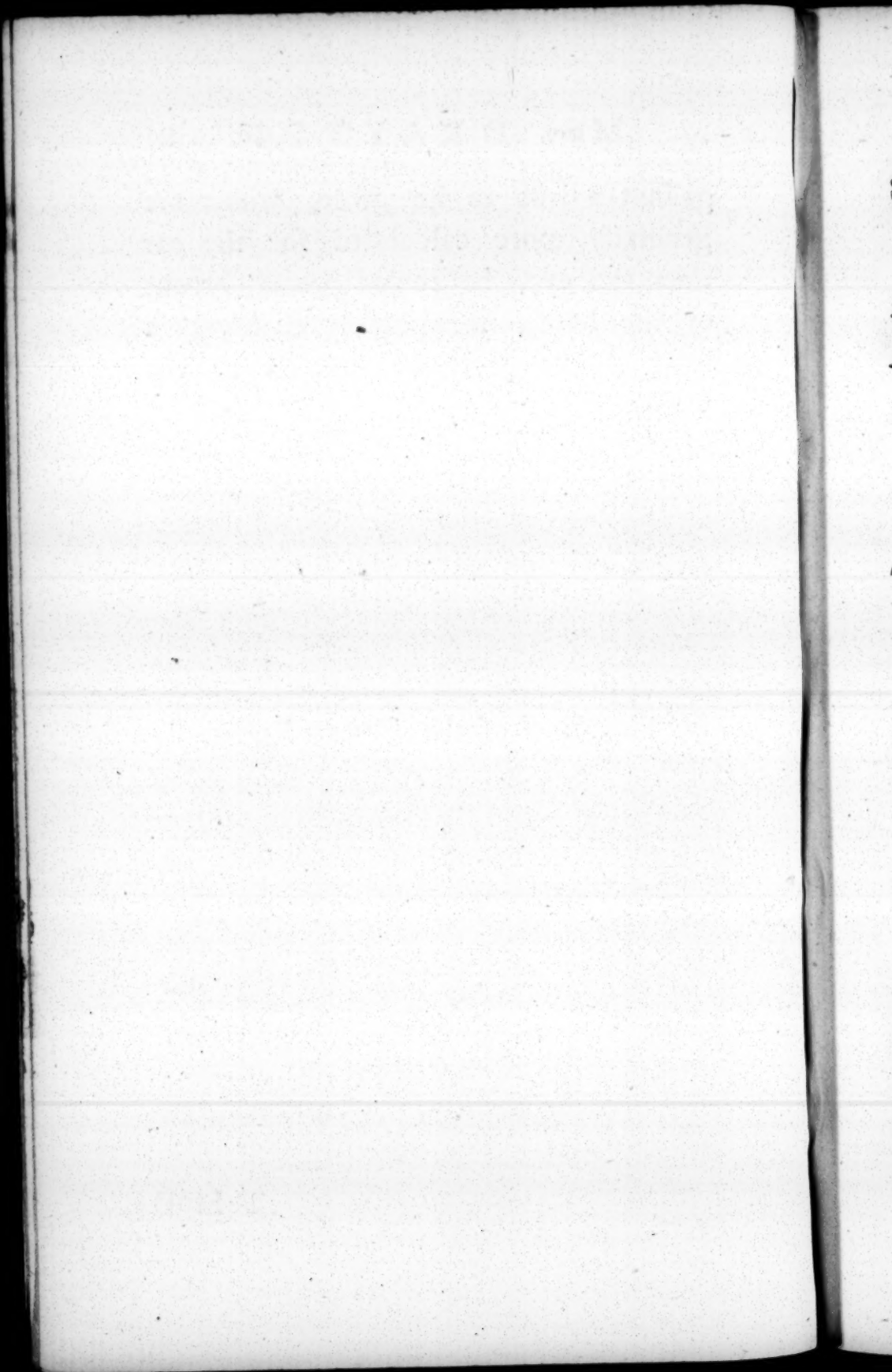
character as soon as you and Miss Drayton will give me leave.—I only intreat you not to name a distant day for my wedding-day, but to forward the preparations for it with all possible expedition. I intend to set out to-morrow, to an estate I lately purchased in B——shire, and see that my house is properly furnished for the reception of your daughter.—It is a decent dwelling, Miss Drayton, and a tolerable piece of brick-work, an old building and very convenient.—I cannot say much for its beauty, according to the modern style of architecture—but if you do not like it, when you are mistress of that, and every moveable belonging to it—down it shall go, with all its gothic ornaments, and a new one, quite in the present taste shall rise up in its room.”

After this lively speech, a few spirited compliments to Mrs. Drayton, and some
gallant

gallant adieus to his *futur*, which are generally more calculated for the ear than the eye, he bowed gracefully out of the house, indisputably as happy a man as the greatest monarch in the world.

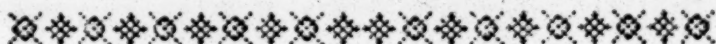
The End of the FIRST BOOK.

T H E





THE
HISTORY
OF
MRS. DRAYTON
AND HER
TWO DAUGHTERS.



B O O K II.



C H A P. I.

The picture of a younger sister in a striking situation.

W HEN Bell was acquainted with the purport of Mr. Burnaby's visit, she found herself extremely queer, and felt the passions of envy, jealousy and vexation, very busy in her breast,

breast, which gave her great uneasiness, and which, with all her hypocrisy, she could not conceal. She affected to rejoice at her sister's good fortune, but with so ill a grace, that her real sentiments, on so unexpected an event, could not be possibly mistaken.

The satisfaction which Mrs. Drayton felt on the prospect of settling her eldest daughter so advantageously, was too sincere to be disguised, and the pleasure she expressed at it, attributed not a little to increase the disquietude of her youngest, who, as she had a high opinion of her own person and parts, was much injured, she thought, by the decision in favour of her sister.

“ I wonder, said Bell, while Jenny was undressing her in the evening, what the young fellow could see in Clara, to give her the preference to me?—if he wanted beauty, he might, I think, have
made

made a better use of his eyes.”—“ Aye, miss, said Jenny, but I oftens say, that taste is the most unaccountablest thing in the world: for to be sure, as you say, if he wanted beauty, he might have made a better use of his eyes.”—“ O, Jenny, replied she, for G--d’s sake don’t mention the word taste—I am absolutely quite sick of it:—and then, in such a hurry too—there was something so indelicate in coming to the point at once.”—“ To be sure, miss, said Jenny, there was something very indelicate in coming to the point at once---I hope I shall never have such an indelicate lover—I hates indelicacy of all things in the world, though I am but a sarvant, and never could abide it.”---“ If a man, continued Bell, without seeming to attend to the remarks of Mrs. Jenny, was to treat me with so little ceremony, I should have a mean opinion of him for holding me so cheap, and supposing that I was ready to receive his first offers, without taking a moment to consider

sider of them--I would reject such a man, and despise his abrupt way of courtship."

---" And so would I, miss, I am sure, for I never could bear any man who behaved abruptly to me---but some people, you knows, miss, are in such haste to be married, that they are not nice about the man who makes love to them."---" No, no---cried Bell, that's very plain if Clara was not very hot upon a husband, she would scorn to be used with so much familiarity---Who would have thought of Mr. Burnaby, of all people in the world ?"---" Why, miss, I don't wonder, neither, upon second thoughts, that Miss Clara was in such a hurry to be married, for to be sure Mr. Burnaby is a pretty man."

" A pretty man! cried Bell, repeating the words with a sneer, the fellow's well enough, I allow; but I can't see any thing so very extraordinary as to make you speak so warmly about him: you mention him as if he was a rarity---he may
do

do very well for Clara, because she wants a husband in a hurry ; but I hope I shall have a much smarter lover.”—“Nay, for the matter of that Miss, said Jenny, he is no rarity as you say, I have seen handfomer men, I don’t deny.”--“Well, well—said Bell—get away and say nothing of what we have been talking : I hear Clara and my mother upon the stairs ; I hope they have not over heard our conversation, for I shall talk in a very different strain to them.”

C H A P. II.

Bell Drayton, pulled too different ways, by two different passions---like Prince Prettyman in the Rehearsal.

A Card from Lady Freak to Mrs. Drayton, the next morning, begging the favour of her to let Miss Bell Drayton be ready by the following Friday, as she should then call on her to
take

take her down to her seat, threw Bell into a fine fufs, though she every day expected to hear from her ladyship with regard to her departure for Freak-park, she was taken rather by surprize, and was horribly embarassed by the card which finally fixed it.

When Bell was so rejoiced at the thoughts of going down into the country with Lady Freak, and which, in consequence of the high spirits she was in on that account, made such an alteration in her behaviour, her sister had no professed lover, and she herself had conceived great hopes of making a conquest among the many smart fellows, with which her ladyship was acquainted, from the extensive connections she had in the polite-world, and from the encouragements which she gave them to whisper tender things in her ear--for Lady Freak was a woman who had seen too much of life, and had too liberal a way of thinking, to be satisfied with
the

the *Douceurs* of a husband. If my readers remember the motive which induced her to honour him with that convenient character, her abhorrence of domestication will raise no astonishment in them.—Those who have forgot that motive, are recommended to a re-perusal of the sixth chapter of the foregoing book.

By the above-mentioned pressing card, therefore, Bell was agitated by two powerful passions, which pulled her different ways, and raised such a tumult in her mind as was not easily to be suppressed. The love of admiration, and the love of mischief were the two passions which tormented her.—She longed very much to gratify the first, by accepting of Lady Freak's invitation, and she had no small desire to indulge the last, by refusing it.—By going to Freak-park, she had only a chance of making her journey thither turn to account, (every girl from thirteen upwards understands the meaning of these words)

by staying at home, she was sure of having it in her power to interrupt the felicity of her sister, whom she envied for having gained the affections of so agreeable a man, for so she really thought him, though she could not bring her tongue to articulate the truth when she mentioned him.

“ If I go away, and leave Clara happy, in making preparations for her triumph over me, I shall have no joy in the journey --I shall only think what pleasures she has in view, and make myself miserable because I have not the same.---If I stay at home, I shall indeed be mortified with those preparations, but then perhaps I may find some ingenious method to disappoint the lovers when they think themselves within reach of their desires---But while I am contriving to disconcert their schemes, and to throw obstacles in their way, may I not lose an opportunity of rising superior to my
sister,

sister, by the splendor of my situation?--- This is a flattering thought, and my imagination is dazzled with it."

Such was Bell's soliloquy on the morning she expected Lady Freak, as soon as she awaked, and the conflict she had with her two thwarting passions was very severe, until her ladyship's post chariot, with postilions in rich jackets, and several gay out-riders appeared at the door.---At the sight of the superb carriage and its fashionable appendages, the love of admiration prevailed---ambition fired her mind---Clara no more fretted her, and Burnaby was forgotten.---A new turn was instantaneously given to her spirits,---she saw nothing but "seas of milk, and ships of amber," and by the airyness of her behaviour, nobody would have imagined that her bosom had ever been inhabited by envy and her poisonous brood.---She wished her sister a great deal of happiness, and desired to know when the wedding-day

was to be fixed, that she might, with Lady Freak's leave, be present at the ceremony. Clara was quite charmed with her sister's behaviour, and the smiles which animated the naturally chearful countenance of Mrs. Drayton, more than a thousand words, evinced the full satisfaction of her fond heart.—Mrs. Drayton was in the strictest sense of the word, a good mother; for she really loved her children, and endeavoured to promote their felicity. That she had failings, it has already appeared; but I would not advise any of my readers to be very satirical upon them, till they have entirely divested themselves of the imperfections belonging to human nature—till they are free from failings, themselves, they should pardon the weaknesses of their fellow-creatures.

“Where is Sir Charles, my Lady? said Bell, just as she was bouncing into the chariot.” “O he will be down as soon

as

as us, said my Lady, Lord George Frolick and he ride their own hunters ;— my Lord's a charming creature, we shall be very merry while he stays with us, but that I suppose won't be long, unless he is vastly changed, for a more irregular being never lived.—He is always flying about from place to place, and comes the nearest to perpetual motion of any man in England.” “ You say right, my Lady, said Bell, but I like such lively people prodigiously—they give a spirit wherever they come, and one is never dull in their company.”—After all proper adieus between the ladies in the carriage, and the ladies out of it, away the former rolled in the rear of four beautiful bays, whose fleetness had been often distinguished at New-Market.

C H A P. III.

Clara's agreeable sensations interrupted by the perplexities of suspense, by which also Mrs. Drayton is not a little disquieted

THE Morning after Bell's departure, while Clara was at breakfast, reading the news-paper to her mother, she started, turned pale—and only cried out “good G—d Madam!”—She could say no more—but she looked at once astonishment and affliction.

The paper dropped from her hands.—Mrs. Drayton snatched it up with an eagerness which the occasion demanded, and at the first glance of her eye fixed upon the fatal paragraph.

“Yesterday James Burnaby, Esq; a gentleman lately arrived from abroad,
was

was thrown from an unruly horse, and by the violence of the fall, fractured his skull in so dangerous a manner, that there are no hopes of his recovery."

Mrs. Drayton read it with her eyes, but she could not repeat it with her lips,—she wondered not at the shock her daughter received, but she was too much shocked herself to relieve her.

To make this paragraph still more alarming, no mention was made of the place where the disaster, in which they were so much interested, happened; by which omission, they were prevented from enquiring into the authenticity of it.—Unluckily, in the hurry of his spirits, Mr. Burnaby expected to see them soon again, had forgot to acquaint them with his *adresse* in London, and they were also too much fluttered to think of asking for it.—Neither did they know in

what part of ——shire he had lately purchased his estate.

Mrs. Drayton was not a woman apt to pin her faith on the page of a news paper, nor was Clara given to believe every thing she met with in the chronicle of the day; but with regard to this article of intelligence, they were both insensibly inclined to terrify themselves with the truth of it, and worked themselves up to a state of the most exquisite uneasiness:—It never once occurred to them that there might be more Burnaby's in the world, besides the object of their concern; more James Burnaby's too, and lately come from abroad.—No—they suffered their peace to be destroyed without taking any pains to reason each other out of their fears.

Mrs. Drayton, however, after dwelling along while on a train of gloomy ideas, made a small effort to come at
the

the names of the places at which Mr. Burnaby resided, both in town and country—conjecturing, not unwisely, that the servant might have chatted about them in the kitchen, though his master had omitted to mention them in the parlour, by having his attention totally engaged by the principal cause of his visit.

From conjecture, she soon proceeded to action, and summoned her servants with spirit.—Jenny and the cook were both called up, and questioned very closely, but to no purpose; they threw not the least light by their answers on the subject upon which they were examined, for Mr. Burnaby's John happening to be strongly addicted to subterraneous gallantry, had, while his master was playing the lover above, enacted the amoroso below, and spent all his time in making himself as agreeable as he could to his kitchen-companions. John, indeed, was a complete coxcomb, to the utmost of his.

his abilities—nay, don't smile at the word—you won't think it altogether so absurd, if you consider, that though it is an easy matter to play the fool, a man must take some pains with himself, before he can shine in the character of a coxcomb. Fools are the nurslings of Nature, but coxcombs are the pupils of art.

“What shall we do, Madam, said Clara to her mother?—How shall we come at the truth of this affair?—This state of suspense is dreadful beyond description.—I was never in such perplexity in my life.—I am wild to know whether poor Mr. Burnaby has really met with this shocking accident.”

“So am I too, my dear, replied Mrs. Drayton, but am utterly at a loss how to act in order to clear up the perplexing paragraph, and put an end to our suspense. The servants, you see, give us

no

no information;—I thought to have gained the intelligence we wished for, by their gossiping with Mr. Burnaby's man, but now"—

"Excuse me, Madam, for interrupting you, cried Clara, but I have hit on an expedient which may perhaps answer our expectations, in relieving us from our uncertainty at least, if it does not contribute to our repose.---Mr. Burnaby's uncle, you know, lives in Argyle Street, and it is very probable that by applying to him we may---"

"A good thought, my dear Clara, said Mrs. Drayton, I will instantly write a few lines to Mr. Thornton, and send them by the honest fellow, whom we employ on expeditions which require fidelity and dispatch; besides, as he is also of a curious turn, he will no doubt be very circumstantial in his enquiries."

The day which began in so melancholy a manner, did not grow less so as it advanced.---Dinner came, but with it came no appetite to Clara, nor was her mother more disposed to partake of it.---They sat down, however, meerly to prevent sickness, without receiving the smallest satisfaction from a meal, which could hardly be called a social one, because the minds both of Mrs. Drayton and her daughter were too much agitated to let them enjoy the pleasures of conversation.

After dinner Clara attempted to do a little towards working her apron---but she could not settle to it--she took it up several times, and threw it down again.---She had recourse to reading, to lessen the tediousness of time, but, among all her books of entertainment, (and she had an elegant collection) she could not find a single volume to answer the purpose for which she tumbled over
its

its leaves.---With her needle and her book, however, she by turns, endeavoured to amuse herself, and found some slight relief in shifting her ideas, though the leading ones continued to give her a great deal of disturbance.

While they were taking their tea in the afternoon by themselves (for they found themselves too much depressed by their embarrassments, to receive some ladies in the neighbourhood, who would have waited on them) the messenger who had been dispatched, returned.

C H A P. IV.

Continuation of the perplexities, begun in the foregoing Chapter.

WHEN Clara heard the messenger whom her mother had dispatched to Mr. Thornton, at the door, she broke the cup she had in her hand, by setting it down

down precipitately upon the table, and, starting from her chair, cried, "Now Madam, I hope we shall be relieved from the tortures of suspense."

"I hope so too, replied Mrs. Drayton, but don't be too sanguine in your expectations, for fear a disappointment should double your uneasiness."

By this time the rusty letter-carrier stood before them, but the expressive motions which he made by scratching his head, shrugging up his shoulders, and shaking his ears, gave Mrs. Drayton and Clara no hopes of being satisfied with the execution of his commission.

Mrs. Drayton desired him not to make so many motions, but inform her what he had met with to occasion them. "What did you do, said she, with the letter, which I ordered you to deliver to Mr. Thornton himself?

"Here

“ Here it is, Madam,” replied he, scraping most respectfully.

“ Bless me, Dixon, said Mrs. Drayton, what’s the meaning of this---why did you bring my letter back ?”

“ You ordered me, Madam, said Dixon, to deliver it into the gentleman’s own hands, those were your words, I remember them perfectly well, and that you must know, I could’nt do ; because why, he was not in the way to take it.”

“ Why then, replied Mrs. Drayton, you should have staid till he came home, for my letter was of very great consequence, and required an immediate answer.”

“ Well, Madam, do’nt be angry with me, said Dixon, without hearing what I have for to say for myself,---I did for the best ; if I had staid till the gentleman
came

came home, I should stay long enough, that's a sure thing; for he won't be in town, the old woman told me, till the parliament meets, and that you know Madam, won't be in a hurry."

"But did you find none of the family at home?"

"No---Madam---not a soul,---only the old woman---they are all gone to the 'Squire's estate yonder there in the North, I forget the place, but it is something with land at the end of it."

"What an unlucky circumstance!" said Mrs. Drayton, taking the letter back again.

"Ay, Madam, it is vast unlucky to be sure, and I am heartily sorry I can bring you no news about the gentleman you want to know something about.---Mrs. Jenny told me what a mortal bad way

way you and miss have been in about him, and I have done all in my power to find out where he lodged.---The old woman knows nothing of the matter, for I asked her concerning 'Squire Burnaby you may be sure; because I knowed you wanted to hear what was become of him. I asked several servants in the neighbourhood, but they knowed no-body like the gentleman Mrs. Jenny described to me.—I have done my best, Madam, and so hope you will not blame me, tho' I can't bring you any good news."

"No, said Mrs. Drayton, I don't blame you at all, you have been very diligent in your enquiries, for which I very much commend you, and am satisfied with your endeavours to bring me good news, though you have not been able to do it".

Mrs. Drayton then gave Dixon what she thought sufficient for the business she
had

had employed him about, and he, by the variety of his grins and gestures, plainly appeared to think that he had been well rewarded for his trouble. Upon occasions of this kind, he never made any bargain with the good lady, who took up his time on her account, for he was fully convinced, that his pay in her service would be always proportioned to his duty in it.

After Dixon was departed, Mrs. Drayton and Clara sat down seriously to consider, what steps they should next take to unravel the perplexities of suspense, perplexities which seemed rather to increase, the more they endeavoured to disentangle them.

“It is extremely odd, said Mrs. Drayton, that a man of Mr. Burnaby’s fortune, and so nearly related to a man of Mr. Thornton’s figure in life, should be neither known by the person who is left
to

to take care of the house, nor by any of the servants in the neighbourhood."

"Why to be sure, Madam, replied Clara, all this seems extremely odd; if Mr. Thornton is upon the friendly terms with his nephew, on which he was some years ago when he left England.—But if, during Mr. Burnaby's residence abroad, any family differences happened between his father and his uncle, a coldness between Mr. Thornton and him now may be the consequence of those differences, and if so, we have certainly been making enquiries in a wrong quarter."

"You account, my dear Clara, very sensibly, said her mother, for the disappointment we have received by Dixon's return from Argyle Street.—If Mr. Burnaby and Mr. Thornton were upon a friendly footing, the former would certainly be no stranger in that neighbourhood.—It is natural to suppose, that Mr. Burnaby, since his arrival

rival in England, has had no connections with his uncle, and that, from his long absence, his name is hardly recollected in that part of the town."

In this way did the worthy Mrs. Drayton and her amiable Daughter weary themselves with conjectures, unable to attend to any subject, but that which had given rise to them; and in this way, with the permission of our readers, we will leave them, in order to acquaint them what happened to Bell and her Ladyship after they set off for Freak-park.

C H A P. V.

Travelling chit-chat, between Lady Freak and Bell Drayton, in which the latter makes herself quite agreeable to the former, and feels herself excessively happy.

AS soon as Lady Freak's beautiful bays galloped from the door, Bell bestowed not a thought on her mother and sister, not even on her dear cabinet, but gave herself up entirely to the dreams of imagination, and was charming company. She exerted all her powers to make Lady Freak pleased with her, and she succeeded.—Bell had a great deal of vivacity, and had so strong a turn for observation, that the most trifling incidents, and, to all appearance, the most insignificant characters, produced a train of lively ideas in her, by the communication of which, in lively expressions she

was

was generally more admired for her chat than Clara, who had, however, by far the most solid, and therefore the most useful understanding.

Lady Freak had also a great deal of sprightliness in her disposition, and saw the ridiculous in a character as soon as any body.—She was not very deep in her remarks, but they were always diverting, and the people who make such, will ever be more agreeable, than those who have nothing but depth to recommend them.—Grave geniusses, who make reflections wonderous shrewd, but at which you are not in the least inclined to smile.

“La! said Lady Freak, I wonder your mother can bear such a horrible dull place.—I swear I should be dead in a month were I condemned to it.”

“Dull enough, indeed my Lady, said Bell—I am sure I have found it so,
but

but hope, by your ladyship's extreme politeness, to recover my spirits, which have been so much damped by spending my time like a mope, that I am afraid I shall infect your ladyship with my stupidity."

"O never fear, Bell, said my Lady, I am not so soon thrown into the vapours, though I believe, such a life as you have led would certainly produce them.—And besides, you seem to have no neighbours;—I mean people fit to appear with—I see only a few shabby houses about you, which can certainly contain nobody one knows.—But I suppose your mother makes the most of them, and finds them good kind of people; but to me those people are the worst company in the world."

"Really, my Lady, you have guessed perfectly right with regard to our neighbours, for they are certainly as forlorn a
set

set as ever existed,—consisting chiefly of old maids and decayed widows, who live upon little annuities, and affect to despise the pleasures of the world, because they have it not in their power to enjoy them.—Many, many afternoons have I wished myself a thousand miles off, when I have been obliged to hear my mother's good kind of people lamenting the follies and vices of the age, grumbling at the dearness of provisions, and railing at the government for not taking the price of butter under consideration.—You do'nt know, my Lady, what a fuss my mother makes when bread rises, what a way she is in when the butcher advances a half-penny in the pound for his meat, and how she haggles with the fellows who come about with their fish, fowls, roots and rabbits.—I have no patience to see her standing at the door with her maids, and squabbling for an hour about an odd farthing.—I always thought it excessively vulgar to appear
upon

upon such occasions, and wonder she will make herself look so little.—For a woman who has kept a great deal of genteel company, and has really very proper notions of politeness, I think she acts rather absurdly, in descending to such meanesses in the management of her family.”

“ You have painted your mother’s notability Bell, said Lady Freak, in very lively colours, and finished your description of her with no bad remark, for I think it indeed absurd enough, to put oneself on a footing with our servants, and trouble oneself about every little trifle that’s done in the family—one may as well have no servants at all, as to be always after them.—I have no notion of such ridiculous doings, not I,—and I wonder that Mrs. Drayton, who, to be sure, as you say, has kept a great deal of genteel company, can demean herself in such a manner.”

The appearance of a smart officer, well mounted, attracted their attention, and turned their conversation into another channel.

“ Look my Lady, said Bell, who had always a sharp eye at a young fellow, what a smart figure is riding up to us !”

“ Aye, said my Lady, there is indeed something very clever in his air, and he seems to be quite a man of fashion.”

By this time the smart officer, approached the chariot, and, with extreme politeness, addressed himself to Lady Freak, who not recollecting him immediately, was somewhat embarrassed by his salutation, but that embarrassment was soon over, and she made apologies, with equal politeness, for not recognizing him.

“ You

“ You might well be surprized to see me, said Colonel Freeman, and something at a loss to recollect me, as I have been abroad so long, and have been so much weather-beaten.---What with the cursed heat of a climate, fit only for Salamanders to live in, and the fatigues to which a soldier is, in that part of the world, perpetually exposed, I believe I am so altered that you are hardly yet convinced, that your old friend Jack Freeman is now talking to you.”

“ Why really Captain, said my Lady, you are very much altered in your looks, but your air, voice, manner and address, are sufficient to convince me that you are no impostor.---I am extremely glad to see you in such good health and spirits, and hope you have made your fatigues turn to account.”

“ Pretty well, pretty well, my Lady, said Freeman, as times go ; but let me tell you, that a soldier, who trusts only to his merit, mounts very slowly the ladder of preferment.—In plain English, my Lady, I might have fought to the stumps, and distinguished myself in the most hazardous undertakings to no purpose, if I had not accidentally happened to win our general’s heart one evening, by giving up to him, a very pretty girl, with whose person he was uncommonly struck ; for he took such a fancy to me from that moment, that he recommended me strongly to some powerful friends at court, and I soon felt the good effects of his prejudice in my favour.—I went out Captain—and I am returned Colonel.”

“ Why then, Colonel, said my Lady, give me leave to wish you joy, very sincerely, for I don’t know a man in the service

service of his majesty more worthy of that, and much higher honours."

"Your most obedient, Madam, said the Colonel, bowing gracefully, your Ladyship's good opinion of me is extremely flattering, and I am not a little vain of it, I assure you.—But how does Sir Charles do? I absolutely forgot to ask after him; to tell your Ladyship the truth, I was too much taken up with the pleasure I received in seeing his Lady."

"His Lady, replied Lady Freak, thinks herself happy in meeting with you, Colonel.—But pray, if I may ask, without being impertinent, have you any particular engagement upon your hands, for as I am going down to Freak-Park, with this Lady for the summer, I would be very glad to have our retirement enlivened by your company.—Sir Charles too will give you a hearty welcome, I

am sure—We often thought of you, especially when any military promotions were made, and I wonder we over-looked your name in the list of them.”

“As to paying Sir Charles and your Ladyship a visit at Freak-Park, I am afraid, it will not soon be in my power, for as I have not been a fortnight in England, I have a good deal of business upon my hands, which requires dispatch—but you may be assured that I shall with pleasure seize the first opportunity to throw myself at your Ladyship’s feet.”

At the conclusion of this gallant speech, the Colonel threw himself into a prodigious fine attitude, in which he looked particularly graceful, and galloped away.

“Well, said my Lady to her companion, how do you like the Colonel?”—

“Oh! replied Bell, I like him vastly,
he

he is the most agreeable creature I ever saw.—Nobody would think that he had been weather-beaten, by looking at him.—If he has gone through the fatigues he talked of, he has pretty well recovered from them.—In short, my Lady, I am quite charmed with him.”

“ Ay, said my Lady, he was always reckoned a charming fellow, I assure you, wherever he went.—If he had had a title I believe I should have married him myself, though to be sure Sir Charles is a prettier fellow, and was so much courted by all the girls who came into his company that I took an infinite deal of pleasure in snapping him up, and making them fret with disappointment.—Poor things—I shall never forget how they all looked when we made our appearance in public, after the wedding.—They were ready to burst with envy and vexation.—I could see their eyes dart glances at me, as if they could devour me, and you

may believe me, when I say that I enjoyed those glances; for the more marks of envy they shewed, the greater was my delight at having disappointed them;—for by securing Sir Charles, I cut off most cruelly all their hopes.”

“ It was cruel indeed, my Lady, said Bell, to receive so much pleasure from their uneasinesses, and I am sorry your Ladyship triumphed so much over the poor girls.—But who is this spirited foldier, who is happy in being so high in your Ladyship’s favour ?”

“ Bell, said my Lady, you look arch; and the curiosity which appears in your face about the Colonel, convinces me, that he is not very low in yours.”

“ Why——why”——

“ Come, come, said my Lady, don’t hammer and stammer about it, child, I see

see by your eyes, that you are not at all disgusted with his appearance, and I will answer for your being less so, on a nearer acquaintance. His charms, take my word for it, are not confined to his person.—He is a sensible fellow, and has lively parts which make him appear to great advantage in conversation.—What do you think I have discovered in the little interview we had together just now?”

“Nay, my Lady cried Bell, somewhat confused, how should I know? I cannot possibly guess at your Ladyship’s thoughts.”

“I believe you guess at my present thoughts, said my Lady, looking earnestly at her—but, however, that you may be certain of them, I must tell you that I have discovered in the Colonel, an inclination to be better acquainted with a certain young Lady, called Miss Bell Drayton, if you know such a one.”

“ O fye, my Lady, you cannot surely be ferious, faid Bell.—What can the Colonel fee in me, I wonder, to wifh for a nearer acquaintance ?”

“ Indeed my dear Bell, faid my Lady, I was never more ferious in my life : he looked at you feveral times, while he was fpeaking to me, in fo particular a manner, that I am fure he likes you, and I will venture farther to fay, that you like him.”

“ Like him ! faid Bell, He is, I confeß, my Lady, a fmart fellow, and has quite the air and behaviour of a man of fafhion ; but I have no notion of liking a man at firft fight.”

“ Yes, but you have though, replied my Lady, and I don’t think fuch a notion at all abfurd.—You have no occafion to be afhamed of liking him, I affure you, for he his of a good family, though,
being

being a younger brother, he has little but his commission to figure with at present, but if his elder brother dies without children, and it is highly probable he will, as he is an old, infirm bachelor, with a violent aversion to matrimony, he will slide into a very pretty estate of about two thousand a year—no more, Bell.—What do you think of liking the Colonel now?”

“Why certainly, my Lady, said Bell, the Colonel’s prospects are very flattering, but when I fix my inclinations on a man, his merit will be more the object of my attention, than his money.”

“Perhaps it may, said my Lady, though I am not quite so clear that it would; however, I hope you will own, that money is no bad supplement to the greatest merit.”

“ That I am very ready to allow, my Lady, said Bell, because the world expects from us an appearance which cannot be supported without it: but I could never bear to marry a frightful disagreeable creature merely for his riches.”

“ There I am heartily of your mind, said my Lady.—But tell me now, without keeping the secret any longer, whether you really don’t think the Colonel the prettiest fellow you ever saw?”

“ To tell you the truth, my Lady, said Bell, I have seen many handsomer men.”

“ Handsomer, cried my Lady—why aye, if you confine handsomeness to a face; but when I talk of a pretty fellow, I mean a man who is *tout ensemble*, in his whole figure, air, and deportment, striking and agreeable, and who prepossesses the
the

the eye in his favour before it has time to examine him.—There are many very handsome men as heavy as lead, as clumsy as country clowns, who have not the least spirit in their looks, the least grace in their gestures.—Now you must know, I have an invincible aversion to a handsome man of this cast, but in my idea of a pretty fellow every thing agreeable is included—He is charming altogether.—Such a man is Colonel Freeman, and I hope he will be able to spend a great part of the summer with us, for I have a strong notion, that I shall manage matters so, as to bring two people together, who seem to be very suitable to each other.”

The colour which flushed into Bell's cheeks at the close of this speech, to heighten the natural rosiness of her complexion, plainly convinced Lady Freak, that though she had seen handsomer men,
the

the appearance of the Colonel had made an impression upon her.

“ I like to see that fine flush in your face, Bell, said my Lady, when I said that I hoped Freeman would spend a great part of the summer ; it looks well, child, it shows that you think of him as I would have you, and really gives such a spirit to your complexion, that you look a thousand times better than you did when you got into the chariot.—The sight of a pretty fellow, especially if that pretty fellow seems to take particular notice of one, I know, by experience, is a prodigious advantage to one’s looks, for the blushes called up, during the moments of admiration, are excessively becoming.—Am I not right Bell ? Don’t you feel the truth of what I say, as well as hear it ? ”

“ I feel my cheeks as hot as fire, said Bell, and am very glad, my Lady, that
the

the Colonel does not see them just now, for he would certainly think he might do any thing with such a colouring girl, and grow faucy upon it."

With such kind of chat as the foregoing, Lady Freak and Bell Drayton whirled away the time, till they arrived at their journey's end.

C H A P. VI.

Lady Freak and Bell, received at Freak-Park by Sir Charles and Lord George Frolick.—Character of the latter.

SIR Charles and Lord George having arrived before the Ladies, amused themselves at the billiard-table, *pour passer le tems*.—As soon as Lord George heard the spirited sound of a carriage rattling round the court-yard, he ran to the window of the room in which they were playing, and after he had made a smiling bow

bow to her Ladyship, hurried down stairs, telling Sir Charles he might finish the game by himself.

He was at the door of the carriage just as it stopped, and was very alert in handing out Lady Freak—Sir Charles was ready to receive Bell, and both she and her Ladyship, by the easiness of their behaviour, seemed to be very well satisfied with the little gallantries which were paid to them, while they ascended the flight of stairs leading to the house.

Lord George, however, notwithstanding his gallantries to Lady Freak, could not help turning frequently towards her companion, whom he eyed with particular attention.

“Who is that pretty girl behind with Sir Charles, my Lady? where did your Ladyship pick her up?—Are you not afraid to trust Sir Charles with her?”

These

These questions were uttered almost all in a breath.—Lady Freak was a little piqued at them, because my Lord appeared more struck with the object which occasioned them, than she wished him to be.—She had brought Bell down to Freak-Park, by way of an humble companion, a person with whom one can do what one will, but not for a rival.

“O my Lord, said she, that girl is one of Drayton's daughter's, who had a place in the —— office, and left his family in a very poor way.—Her mother and sister live in a private manner at——, and can, with much ado, make a decent appearance.—As Mrs. Drayton is a good kind of woman, I have taken Bell, the youngest, to spend the summer with me, and give her some amusement, for she is a smart girl, and has been brought up to relish a higher style of life, than she can now pretend to.—Poor girl, I pity her

her—but how can children help the folly of their parents?”

Lady Freak, by mentioning Bell in this sort of light to Lord George, intended to have drawn off his attention from her, as she imagined he would not think of falling in love with a girl so much beneath him.—But Lady Freak did not gain her point by so doing; nor could she, with all her finessing, prevent his Lordship from being very particular with her fair companion, who made more use of her personal charms, and the accomplishments with which education had furnished her, than was expected.

As my readers have yet been acquainted with only a few outlines of Lord George's character, a more finished portrait of a man, who is not to be a cypher in this history, may perhaps be not disagreeable to them.

Lord

Lord George Frolick was the youngest son of the Duke of * * * *, and one of the most agreeable men that ever figured among the fair-sex, with whom he was a remarkable favourite. Commanding in his mein, and insinuating in his manners.

His first appearance raised respect, and his subsequent behaviour inspired delight. His parts were at once solid and lively, and he had the happy, but uncommon art, of accommodating his conversation to all companions with so much facility, that he made himself always agreeable to the gravest, and the gayest of both sexes.— With philosophers, and men of deep penetration, he was as deep as they, and went to the bottom of the most profound subjects, with as much ease, as if he had never reflected upon any other: with gay, thoughtless fellows, whose heads never ached with reflection, he appeared as gay, and

and as thoughtless, and never interrupted their empty mirth, by the smallest approaches to rationality.—With the bottle-hero, he was a down-right bacchanal, with the debauchee, a delicious rake.—He saw life in all shapes, studied it, and was a perfect master of the world.—Female life, however, was Lord George's favourite study.—The fair-sex were the principal objects of his pursuit.—Nobody knew women, as well as men, better.—By a perpetual practice in the Ovidian school, he was intimately acquainted with all the avenues to the female heart, which he never found able to resist his attacks.

I have said that Lord George was commanding in his mein, and that his first appearance raised respect, but as some people will probably think this description of his person not quite diffuse enough, I will enlarge it, by telling them, that he was in his stature above the middle size, very gracefully limbed, and elegantly
made

made throughout.—His features were very regular, he had a manly bloom in his countenance, and a pair of eyes, only to be equalled for the powers of expression, by those, to which our English Roscius is so much indebted for his theatrical fame.—There was a grandeur in his air, but it was not of the forbidding kind: there was also an easiness in his deportment, which while it encouraged easiness in others, excluded that forward sort of familiarity so apt to be productive of indelicate freedoms. He was affable to all, but his affability was not indiscriminately assumed to make him popularly pleasing. To all ranks and degrees of people he adapted his behaviour with so much propriety and address, that he was at the same time a favourite among his superiors, his inferiors, and his equals. I have forgot to tell my fair readers, that his Lordship had an enchanting mouth, which was always opened with a smile, and with that smile, always discovered as
white

white and as even a set of teeth, as any beauty would wish to be possessed of.—His voice too must not be forgotten—his voice was extremely musical, and when tuned to love, the most rock-hearted prude was not proof against its melody.

As Bell Drayton had not the least spark of prudery in her disposition, it may naturally enough be imagined, from the above description of Lord George Frolick's personal charms, and acquired attractions, that she soon found herself in an embarrassed situation: she did soon find herself in such a situation, but her embarrassments were very different from those of her sister, whom we left in a condition not at all to be envied, and concerning whom the curious reader will find something in the following chapter.

C H A P. VII.

The author performs the promise which he made at the conclusion of the last chapter.

TWO people, especially a mother and a daughter, cannot be pictured in a more awkwardly-distressed situation, than were Mrs. Drayton and her daughter, when all their endeavours to come at the truth or the falshood of the paragraph which alarmed them, had proved ineffectual.—They were quite at a loss to know how to proceed in their enquiries, and spent the remainder of the evening in a state of the most tormenting anxiety, which rendered them unable to enjoy the blessings of repose ; blessings with which those only whose minds are free from perturbation are acquainted.

After

After a night, full of interrupted dozes, and disquieting dreams, they rose at the usual hour, restless and unrefreshed.— They dressed themselves without hope, and sat down to breakfast without appetite, and if their mental anguish had continued much longer, the consequences might have been fatal to their health.— But, luckily for them, with their morning repast, the misery of the morning ended —by the arrival of Mr. Burnaby himself, who entered the parlour, with the same spirit with which he took leave of them, and visibly appeared, by the joyousness of his salutation, to have had not the least conception of the uneasiness which they had endured on his account.

The uneasiness, and the continued anxiety, which both Mrs. Drayton and Clara had felt, during the suspense they had been in concerning Mr. Burnaby's welfare, had made too great an impression

sion on their minds, to be immediately dissipated at his appearance. Though it gave a happy turn to their spirits, it could not at once strike out the traces of anxiety from their features, which, in the midst of all their expressions of joy to see him so well, he plainly discerned, but could not guess at the cause of them. "My dear Madam, said he, I have no reason to suppose that both you and your amiable daughter here, are not glad to see me; but though you and she flatter me very much by telling me so, there is a mixture of embarrassment and anxiety in your countenances, which, were I not assured of the goodness of your hearts, would make me fancy strange things.—I should be apt to imagine that something had happened to occasion divided opinions about me."

"Something indeed has happened, said Mrs. Drayton, to occasion the embarrassment and anxiety the marks of

which still shew themselves in our faces, but we have had no divided opinions about you.—You have always appeared to us in the same light, and had not our regard for you been sincere, you would not have seen any such marks to wonder at.”

“ You are mysterious, Madam, said Burnaby, and will extremely oblige me by being more intelligible.”

“ Why then Sir, said Mrs. Drayton, I will tell you as clearly as I can, that my daughter and I have alarmed ourselves very much with a news-paper, in which it was said that a Mr. James Burnaby—

“ Say no more—Madam—I saw the paragraph—I thought you might be alarmed—(and you too Miss—turning to Clara) as it was particularly worded, with my christian and surname—and ordered my servant to come directly to you, that

that by receiving a message from me, you might have no room to imagine that I was the Mr. Burnaby whom the news-writer had thrown into so dangerous a situation."

"You was very kind, Sir, said Clara, to think of us upon the occasion, but indeed your servant never came here to relieve us from a state of uncertainty, and (I need not add) unhappiness, in which cruel state we remained till you entered the parlour.—The sight of you, removed our fears for your safety, but when anxiety has long harassed the mind, the marks of it will not instantly be driven from the features."

"Clara, said Mrs. Drayton, has told you the true state of the case, and I dare say you will now cease to be surprized at the awkward welcome we gave you, when you saluted us with your usual good-humour and politeness."

“ I certainly, Madam, said he, cease to wonder at the uneasiness which both you and your amiable daughter have felt on my account, after the many reasons you have given me to believe myself worthy of her esteem and yours; but I cannot help wondering at the negligence of my servant, in disobeying my orders, and at his assurance in telling me that he had been here, and that you, and Miss Drayton were perfectly well.—But I will discharge him as soon as I go home, for having——”

“ Nay now, said Mrs. Drayton, you are too warm, Sir—your coming again has made all things right—we have, to be sure, suffered a great deal, but our sufferings are all over, and I beg that they may be forgotten, and that your servant may be pardoned this time.”

“ I am

“ I am quite of my mother’s opinion, said Clara, and as I am now very happy myself, cannot bear the thoughts of having any body punished on my account.”

“ Well, replied Burnaby, I believe it is no easy matter to meet with two such very good natured ladies—you shall do with me just as you please—nobody is more ready to forget and forgive than myself, but there are some things, which, though they may be forgiven by the christian, can never be forgotten by the man.—However, this is serious talking, and not altogether to the purpose.—I come here upon a quite different errand—I came to enquire what progress has been made in the preparations for the day which is to make me the happiest husband in England.”

“ O Sir, said Mrs. Drayton, you cannot imagine that we could think of that day, after the impresson which your sup-

posed situation had made upon our minds, and while we remained unable to come at the knowledge of your real one."

"What you say, is true Madam, said he, but I think so much of that day myself, that I forget the interruptions which have happened to delay it.—However, as those interruptions are now happily over, I hope, Madam, the business on which I build all my future felicity, will go on briskly, and be no more retarded, for, to tell you the truth, I shall complain heavily of the tediousness of time till it is finished.—Delays, according to the old saying, are dangerous.—In love affairs they certainly are often so; and always disagreeable.—Do, therefore, dear Madam, accelerate matters as much as you can, and give me not room to tax you with the want of sensibility.—I have no reason at present, I confess, to imagine that you are void of that tender passion, but if,
in

in the management of this interesting affair of mine, you should take it into your head that procrastination is a proof of the delicacy of your sensations, you will make me quarrel with you.—I am sorry to say it, but the impatience of a lover must apologize for all the transgressions I commit against the rules of politeness.”

Burnaby, while he was thus jocosely hastening Mrs. Drayton to accelerate matters, looked frequently at Clara, to see if her features moved in his favour, and was fully satisfied with the motion of them—They were sufficiently expressive of the feelings of her heart, and convinced him that those feelings, and his own, were precisely alike. To some frigid readers, of cold constitutions, these little particulars may, perhaps, appear too trifling, and unimportant; but such particulars will, I trust, be dwelt on with pleasure by those who are well enough

acquainted with the passion of love to feel the force of them.

Mrs. Drayton entered thoroughly into the good humoured raillery of her future son-in-law, and laughingly told him, that if nothing unforeseen happened to retard their domestic employments, he should have no cause to tax her with tardiness in the execution of them.

“ Give me your hand, good Madam, said Burnaby in a transport— (this was a particular way he had whenever he was remarkably pleased) you charm me by falling in so cleverly with my humour, and viewing me exactly in the light in which I wish always to be placed for your observation.—Come, Miss Drayton, continued he, follow your mother’s example, like a dutiful child, and resume that cheerfulness which you possessed, when I was last in your company.—There is no living tolerably happy without a cheerful

ful disposition;—it gives an additional relish to every joy this world can afford. —You think, I suppose, that by throwing a little seriousness into your face just at this juncture, you will give a more matrimonial cast to it; but pray take care not to overdo it, for though I allow a moderate degree of seriousness in a young lady's face, to be extremely becoming at a funeral, I cannot see any reason why she should put on a woful countenance at the approach of her wedding."

Clara, it is true, was engaged in a reverie on her future life, while Mr. Burnaby and her mother were carrying on their sprightly conversation, and at the moment Burnaby immediately addressed himself to her, appeared with a sobriety of aspect which gave a man of his lively turn a fair opening to be arch upon it.—She started from her ruminations, at his abrupt transition from her mother to her-

self, and the pretty confusion which she felt, at being roused from them by her lover, gave a lustre to her charms.—An affected confusion, in her, would have disgusted him, but as he was assured that it arose from accident, it flattered his vanity and made her appear more amiable in his eyes.—True lovers are always wonderfully happy with these strokes of nature, during the moments of courtship, because they discover the workings of the heart.

Clara's confusion, however, lasted no longer than to give a fine momentary glow to her complexion. She soon recovered from her surprise, and made answers to Mr. Burnaby's vivacities, which added fuel to his desires, and increased his impatience.

“What a simpleton was I, said Burnaby, to Clara, not to set off myself, and convince you by a personal appearance,
that

that I was safe and sound?—What a deal of uneasiness I should have prevented, by not employing my servant to clear up your doubts concerning my bodily welfare, and how many precious hours have been thrown away, which might have been more agreeably and usefully filled up?—I was certainly guilty of a capital oversight, but who can foresee events?—If I had been alone at the time I read the paragraph, which I thought would occasion much perplexity, I believe I should have mounted my swiftest horse, in order to contradict it;—but, to tell you the truth, I received a visit, just at that critical minute, from an old friend, lately arrived from America, whom I have not seen for several years, which, though it did not drive you from my memory, divided my attention so much that I was puzzled to know how to act. At last, the often-tried diligence of my servant determined me to send him away with apologies for my being so particularly

ticularly engaged. I desired him over and over, to mention the unexpected arrival of an old friend ; because I flattered myself, that the singularity of the occasion would rather be excused than re-sented."

" Your behaviour Sir, said Mrs. Drayton, stands in need of no apology—you have sufficiently proved the goodness of your intentions, and nobody who was in your situation, would have suspected a disappointment to them—and I will answer for Clara, that she thinks as I do, with regard to your conduct."

" You are very ready, Madam, to answer for your daughter's thoughts, but if I am not very much mistaken in her, she has some thoughts with which you are not acquainted, notwithstanding all your penetration.—Hey, Miss Drayton—what say you to me now ?"

" Why

“ Why I say, Sir, replied Clara, that upon this occasion, my mother’s thoughts and mine are exactly the same. An old friend is always welcome, and the sight of such a one, after a long absence, particularly so.”

“ Ha—I admire your address, Miss Drayton, said he, in sliding away from the subject I hinted at—but I see your drift, you long now I am sure to know who this old friend of mine is, and your curiosity is extremely natural:—I see by your smiles, that I am right in my assertion, and will therefore tell you who was the innocent cause of your distress, and my disappointment.—His name is Freeman, as agreeable, and as amiable a man as ever lived, as brave and as skilful a soldier as ever fought.—He is descended from a good family, but from the extravagance of a ridiculous father, is possessed of a very small fortune, besides his
com-

commission.—He went over some years ago, when the war broke out in America, Captain; he is now, returned Colonel, and in far better circumstances than when he left England.—When you write next to Freak-Park, ask your sister what she thinks of him.”

C H A P. VIII.

Conversation continued.

BURNaby, when he stopped short in the middle of his panegyric on Colonel Freeman, and desired Miss Drayton to ask her sister what she thought of him, looked at the same time so very significantly, that Clara, though she could not guess at the motives of his request, could not help conjecturing, that something particular had happened to occasion it. Her eyes evidently discovered the situation of her mind—not a single turn of which escaped those of her lover.—He
wanted

wanted no words to convey her thoughts upon the occasion ; if he had, he would have been disappointed, for Clara had not any ready for utterance, so much was she startled at his mysterious abruptness.

“ You seem quite embarrassed, Miss Drayton, at the question I desired you to ask when you wrote to Freak-Park.— You need not be alarmed at it, I assure you, it is a very innocent one, though probably it will throw your sister into a fine fuss, and make her not a little wonder how you come to know any thing about the Colonel.”

“ Why really, Sir, said Clara, I confess that I am puzzled to think what connections your friend and my sister have together, for I never heard of his name till you mentioned it ; and as you say, he is but just arrived from America, after an absence of several years, their acquaint-

quaintance cannot surely have been of a long standing."

"No, no, said Burnaby, not very long, Madam—the Colonel never saw her but once, and then knew nothing of her, not even her name, but from the description which he gave of her person, and the company she was with, I have all the reason in the world to think, that Miss Bell Drayton is the girl, who has made a hole in his heart.—You look more in suspense than ever; I will therefore drop the mystic, and talk like a plain-spoken-man, without proceeding any farther in an enigmatical strain.

"I was at my house in the country—making it as smart as I could for your reception—when the Colonel—how he found me out I cannot possibly divine—agreeably surprised me with a visit.—The sight of an old friend is always pleasing, after the separation of several years
par-

particularly so; —we had a great deal to say to each other, but, as is generally the case, on a first meeting, could not communicate, from the mutual agitation of our spirits, half the thoughts with which our heads were filled. As that agitation, however, subsided by degrees, our conversation grew more regular, and he entertained me very agreeably with a lively detail of his military operations, in which his affairs of gallantry were in an amusing manner intermixed.—As he was always an admirer of the fair sex, I rallied him, in my usual way, on his general passion for them, and told him, with a laugh, that after all his roving, he should think of settling domestically.—He replied, that he had some thoughts of doing so, having accidentally seen a young Lady who had struck him with her person, and with whom he hoped to be acquainted, when he went to Freak-Park.”

“Freak-

“Freak-Park! said I, starting, with a little surprize; what are you acquainted with the Freaks?”

“O yes, replied he, Lady Freak was a flame of mine formerly, but in those days, I was too general a lover, to think of fixing my inclinations on one woman. But I am now of another opinion, and begin to think the matrimonial scheme, very rational, and if properly conducted, capable of producing the most durable happiness.—But to the point—you must know, I met her Ladyship the other day going down in her post-chariot, and she pressed me to spend part of the summer with her in the country.—There was a young Lady with her, whom I never saw before; but if appearances are not very deceitful, she will become matrimony extremely well—In short I am quite taken with what I have seen of her—you smile
—is

—is there any thing so extraordinary in being captivated by a pretty girl?”

“No, no, my dear Colonel, said I, nothing extraordinary in being so: but I smile to think, that you and I may perhaps strengthen the ties of friendship by being related to each other.”

“How so? replied he—now you puzzle me more and more to unriddle your meaning—nay—prithee don’t laugh so—but compose your muscles, and tell me what raises your mirth.”

“Why really, my good friend, I cannot help laughing at the oddness of your adventure, which may turn out, perhaps, very agreeably in many respects; for you must know that I am at this time making my addresses to the sister of the Lady, whom you saw with Lady Freak, and actually preparing to salute her mistress of this mansion, as a certain acquaintance of
ours

ours would pompously express himself upon such an occasion."

"This discovery gave a new turn to the conversation, and had such an effect upon my amiable friend, that he said he should be doubly animated to pursue an object, which seemed to be so worthy of his attention, and assured me, when we parted, that he would dispatch the little business he had upon his hands, and convey himself to Freak-Park. I will answer for his expedition, for I never saw a man more delighted with the information he received from me.—I gave him, you may be sure, a full and faithful account of the Drayton family, and you may be as sure from my description of his behaviour, that the said account is not fit to be repeated."

Burnaby spoke the words, not fit to be repeated, with so significant a tone, that their meaning could neither be mistaken,

taken, nor give offence—they were taken as they were meant, in a flattering sense, and gave pleasure both to the mother and the daughter.

“ Well, said Mrs. Drayton, your friend’s adventure was droll enough, and as you have mentioned him in so favourable a light, as a soldier, and as a man, I cannot, without affronting his merit, and your judgment, but wish that Bell may be as agreeable to him as Clara is to you.”

Clara coloured at the conclusion of this speech.—Burnaby, who never suffered any alterations in her countenance to escape him, smiled at her confusion, and said, “ It is very true, Miss Drayton, what your mother has been saying, you are certainly agreeable to me, and I certainly wish your sister may be so to the Colonel.—What a clever family we shall make,
when

when we are all domestically settled together—shall we not?”

“ You are extremely droll in your manner, Sir, said Clara, and would make me smile, if I was ever so ill-disposed to do so.—I wish my sister a great deal of happiness, and if your friend is the character you draw him, she will, I believe, have as much reason to expect it, as she has merit to deserve it.”

“ A more sisterly speech, said Burnaby, I never heard ; and you, for making it, Miss Drayton, give a new proof of the goodness of your heart.”

Burnaby then, taking out his watch, and finding, that he had chatted away more time than he intended, took his leave, and when he rode away from the door, Mrs. Drayton and Miss could not help expressing their surprise to each other, on the Colonel's being so charmed with

with Bell, at first sight, nor wishing, from what they had heard of him, that her behaviour might strengthen the impression which her person had made upon him.

“ If Bell conducts herself properly, said Mrs. Drayton, she will, I doubt not, increase her consequence in the Colonel’s eyes.—She can make herself very agreeable if she pleases, and, in spite of all her little impetuosities of temper, is a very deserving girl.”

“ She is so, said Clary, and will, I dare say, make herself of consequence in the Colonel’s eyes.—I long vastly to know what sort of an impression his first appearance made on her; and must write to her directly.—This affair begins to be so interesting, that I cannot set any bounds to my curiosity.”

“ I do not at all wonder at your curiosity, my dear, replied Mrs. Drayton; I
ha”

have myself a strong desire to know, what will be the result of the Colonel's visit to Freak-Park.—I have therefore no objection to your writing away to your sister, as soon as you choose, nay, I am as eager as you are to have a letter dispatched to her."

Upon this, Mrs. Drayton and her daughter separated, the former to give some necessary orders to her servants, the latter to write to her sister.



C H A P. IX.

Fidgets and fusses at Freak-Park.

BELL Drayton, soon after her arrival at Freak-Park, found herself in a very embarrassed situation, and made no small bustle in the family, by turning out a very different personage from what Lady Freak expected. By some hints, already dropped by her Ladyship, the reader will remember, that she, by no means, looked upon the daughter of Mrs. Drayton, in any other light, than that of an humble companion, odd body, tractable thing, or toad-eater; a girl, in short, with whom she could do what she liked, and to whom she could say what she pleased.—In this inferior light she considered her; but in this light Bell did not at all choose to be considered. She very soon perceived, upon what footing Lady

Freak intended she should be, but soon convinced her Ladyship, that she had pitched upon a wrong object to make free with in a mortifying manner. As she made a genteel appearance, and solicited no favours, she kept up her consequence, and by the spirit of her behaviour rose superior to her fortune. Lady Freak was horribly vexed to find that she could make nothing of her, in her own way, and the more so, as she did not know how to get her handsomely out of the house, after so pressing, and, to all appearances, so cordial an invitation to spend the summer with her.—She was doubly chagrined also, to find that both Sir Charles, and Lord George by their particularities to her, from an humble companion, had raised her into a rival, a character which few women, whether beautiful or ugly, can bear with any tolerable composure, so strongly has nature implanted in the female sex, the passion for universal sway.—After this sketch of Lady Freak's
situa-

situation, those who can imagine that she enjoyed “days of ease and nights of pleasure,” are very little acquainted with the movements of the female heart.

It is not necessary to say here, that Bell Drayton had charms enough to make her a formidable rival, even to a first rate beauty, for though she was not one herself, her personal attractions, which have been described in the third chapter of the first book, were certainly not contemptible. Lord George was charmed with them, and they to no small degree captivated Sir Charles.—Flattered with the assiduities both of the Peer, and the Baronet, to make Freak-Park extremely agreeable to her, Bell could not help feeling the most pleasing sensations, nor discovering, by a certain self-satisfied airiness in her carriage, how much she was regaled by the incense which was offered to her vanity.—She felt herself quite happy by herself, but whenever Lady Freak was

in the room, the triumph of her heart was remarkably visible in her eyes, and indeed her whole figure was rather insolently expressive before her Ladyship, over whom she thought, she had a right to exult, in return for the many rude speeches, and sarcastical observations, which she was perpetually throwing out, concerning her.

Though Lady Freak had not the most violent affection for her husband (her motives for marrying him have been already explained) she was not able to see him treat her with neglect, patiently:—her pride was hurt by his attentions to a girl whom she had invited, without the least suspicion of her designs. Sir Charles's Behaviour to her, for some time before Bell's arrival, had convinced her, that constancy was not one of his virtues, but she did not imagine that he would affront her to her face.—His flirting therefore with Bell every day, in the most open manner,

manner, made her bosom glow with resentment, and encouraged her to follow his example, by gallanting with my Lord, not considering that in affairs of gallantry, a woman is pretty sure to play a losing game.—The resentment of a wife, is, doubtless, in this licentious age, too frequently, very justly provoked, but if she stakes her honour to gratify it, the gratification is surely purchased at too dear a rate. In some delicate situations, the woman who deliberates is lost: but the married woman, however justly provoked, cannot deliberate too much, before she proceeds to resent the injury she has received from the infidelity of her husband.

Lady Freak made as full a discovery of her painful, as Bell did of her pleasurable sensations: she might as well have concealed them, for the discovery of them made not the least impression on Sir Charles: he rather felt a malicious kind of joy in tracing her uneasinesses in her

features, and redoubled his *douceurs* to her rival:—nor did the little freedoms which she took with Lord George affect him more.—He was too warmly engaged with his new object, and too studious to make a conquest of her person, (he was not one of those men who think the heart of a woman of any consequence) to trouble himself about her conduct.

Lord George and Sir Charles had always been upon the most friendly terms together, but their friendship for each other began to slacken, when they found that they also were rivals, as well as the Ladies; and from this double rivalship, arose a great number of embarrassments on all sides. Many people will suppose that Bell was the most embarrassed of the four, and so indeed she was.—Her two lovers, or rather admirers, for neither of them had much of love, in the best sense of the word, were both able proficients in the art of seducing, and had been both
very

very successful in their amours. To resist therefore the attacks of two such dangerous men, the more dangerous, because infinitely agreeable in their manners, required no small strength of mind, and subtilty of address. Bell, was at first, a little puzzled how to act in a situation which most women will, I believe, allow to have been critical, but she managed her *inamoratos* with so much art, that they could never draw her into indiscretions.—She played her cards with so much cunning, that each of them thought he was making quick approaches to the happy moments, and diverted herself extremely to see how easily she duped them, and how charmingly she fretted Lady Freak at the same time, who wished her a thousand miles off, every day, but Bell staid longer than she intended in it, on purpose to provoke her.—Sir Charles was entirely at her command, and her Ladyship was then nobody.—If all girls in such circumstances,

would act with such spirit, they would meet with better treatment from their superiors, and by keeping up their consequence and their characters, stand a better chance to make their fortunes.—Those who are of so mean a disposition, as to bear meekly the haughtinesses and mortifying airs of people above them, for the sake of appearing in their company, are too apt to degrade themselves to a most contemptible degree, to be only, with all their servility, ridiculously distinguished.

Few women of Lady Freak's turn could be in a less eligible situation. Insulted by a husband, whom she could not provoke to resentment, even by endeavouring to make him believe, that she was going to affront him in the grossest manner; neglected by the man whom she courted with the most imprudent unreserve, and exposed every hour to the flippant carriage, and pert behaviour of
a girl,

a girl, who evidently studied to increase her disquietudes, and triumphed over her tortures; (strong words must be used to express strong feelings) she thoroughly repented of having invited Bell Drayton to her house, and was weak enough to make her more consequential, by letting her see how deeply she was affected by her being so powerfully supported.

Many young folks of Bell's age, with her person, and her accomplishments, would have made fine work for a tragedy, perhaps; but the distresses, which she occasioned at Freak-Park, were all of the comic kind, and truly diverting to those who were not immediately concerned in them.—Bell had always an unlucky propensity to make mischief in families, but she was not, however, with that propensity, ill-natured.—She loved mischief, merely for amusement—It was her hobby; she could not help it.

“ The devil’s in this girl, said Sir Charles frequently to himself, I can make nothing of her; when I think I have melted her heart, and moulded it quite to my purpose, the wild thing breaks out into a horse-laugh, and throws me out of my play.”

Very much like this were often the soliloquies of Lord George, and therefore it is unnecessary to repeat them.

Lady Freak too had her soliloquies, and frequently retired to her closet, to vent her spleen against the three objects of her resentment, who seemed to be all combined, though they all acted upon separate plans, to murder her repose.

“ What a fool was I to bring this girl here! But I am rightly served—I might have imagined that a person who had been used to a high-spirited way of life, would
have

have too much pride to alter her behaviour with her circumstances, and to accommodate it with propriety to the change in her situation.—She was always, I know, of an ungovernable temper, in her prosperity, but it seemed to be so much altered, when I found her in her retirement, for the better, that I was in hopes of making her a very convenient person about me.—I must, I see, take more care in the choice of my companions; and am determined not to choose a young one again, nor one who has been brought up in high life, for the high airs of such people when they have no pretensions to them, are insupportable.”

Such reflections as these, rose in the mind of Lady Freak, whenever she was driven by the remarks she made on the looks, words, and actions of those, who were continually increasing her vexations, to vent those vexations in a corner. Severe, in her soliloquizing moments, were

the pangs she felt, which were doubly severe, because she accused herself all the while of having caused them, by her own want of skill in character-knowledge. If she had been as well acquainted with Bell's real character, as she thought she was, from her exterior deportment, Bell would certainly have been the last person in the world, whom she would have pitched upon for a companion, according to her own ideas of one.—There is nothing so mortifying as self-accusation, and of this position nobody ever more strongly felt the truth, than her Ladyship.

Lord George having, one day, after an unsuccessful attack upon Miss Arabella's virtue, with which she very prudently determined not to part, but upon honourable terms, received a letter from a friend of his in Covent-Garden, who was always starting new game for him, in that sporting spot, to inform him that a delicious young creature, just arrived
from

from the country, waited, with impatience, to fly into his arms, hurried away from a place where he was absolutely thrown out, and set off post for the seat of pleasure, the center of delight, the Paphian quarter of the metropolis, in which the votaries of Venus in a particular manner, dedicate their whole lives to her service. Piqued at his disappointment, his Lordship travelled with the greater ardor to a new object ; especially as he had not the least room to suppose that he should meet with any honourable obstructions to the gratification of his desires.

By the departure of Lord George, Sir Charles, Lady Freak and Bell, were all differently affected. Sir Charles was heartily rejoiced at his Lordship's removing himself, because he considered him as a formidable rival, and because he hoped, by his absence, to carry on his designs with less opposition.—Lady Freak
was

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was horribly vexed, for reasons too obvious to be mentioned, and Bell was more embarrassed, for reasons hereafter to be communicated.

The End of the SECOND BOOK.



THE



THE
HISTORY
OF
MRS. DRAYTON
AND HER
TWO DAUGHTERS.



B O O K III.



C H A P. I.

Lord George, before he arrives in London, falls—in love.

WIFTLY did my Lord roll
S away in the rear of four of the
fleetest courfers in England,
and in high spirits did he survey the various objects which he saw whisking by
him

him upon the road.—The new game which waited for his arrival in town, gave him an uncommon *gaieté du cœur*; his postilions made the utmost dispatch, but he frequently dropped his glass to swear at them for their delay.—He never longed so much to be in the Garden in his life, though he had paid dear, in more senses than one, for his visits to that region of rapture.—Like a true soldier, however, and a staunch sportsman, he followed the battle and the chase, and troubled himself, very little about the caprices of fortune. Till he arrived at C—— within a few miles of his head-quarters, he met with nothing remarkable enough to be recorded in this history, but as he whirled through that village, a girl at the parlour-window of a small house, which made no striking appearance, arrested his attention.—The view of this girl was instantaneous, for the horses gallopped; but the glance, though momentary, fired him in such a man-

manner, that he was determined to have a nearer prospect of her.—He was absolutely smitten at first sight, and no lover in a romance ever wished more for a second. The phlegmatic readers of this passage, if any such will condescend, with their great gravity to peruse these pages, will shake their wise heads at it, and pronounce love at first sight to be all nonsense and folly.—But the censures of such readers, by no means prove that there is no such thing.—Other sort of people will probably be of another way of thinking.

Lord George never was so astonished, as at the sight of so beautiful an object in the place where he beheld it. He had been in all parts of C—— an hundred times; but he had, in no part of it ever seen so charming a figure. Her attitude her all-together, transported him.—He threw himself almost out of the window of his chariot, to feast his eyes, and fixed

ed them as long as he could, upon the house which contained so lovely an inhabitant, with an ardor not to be described. Lord George was a man of too much spirit and vivacity, too much eagerness and impetuosity, to behold a fine girl without violent emotions, and to keep those emotions to himself.—The people who saw his behaviour while he was looking at her, thought he was a madman, till the coronets convinced them, that they were too hasty in their conjectures.—His behaviour was so wild and extravagant, however, that their conjectures were not very absurd.

Full of ruminations on what he had seen in the parlour window at C——; his lively Lordship alighted, not far from the great piazza, and soon had the satisfaction to find, that his friend had provided no contemptible banquet for the gratification of an amorous appetite.

My

My Lord, when he had quitted his chariot, like a man, warm in the pursuit of his pleasures, sent off his favorite servant, a very active intelligent fellow, and extremely serviceable upon these occasions, to the village in which his new Dulcinea incognito, dazzled him as he drove by her.—He described the house with minuteness, but he might have saved himself that trouble, for Harry had reconnoitered it sufficiently, in order to keep up his consequence, and make himself a necessary man.—To a person of Lord George's disposition, Harry was a treasure, his Lordship thought so, and took care not to be niggardly in rewarding his faithful services.—Men of pleasure, should never be misers; they rarely are addicted to avarice; but now and then we see a hagler amongst them.—Harry, never slow in his motions, flew like lightning to execute his new commission, and left his Lordship to enjoy the

the present moment, to do which, he was always ready.

When Lord George had dispatched Harry to C——; he sat down to spend the evening with his friend, and the pretty innocent, which he had provided for him.—My Lord was vastly taken with her, and the time passed to their mutual delight.—She was as fine a girl for a temporary toy, as he had ever seen, and as his acquaintance lay chiefly among the worst part of the sex, he had no inducements to have lasting connections with them.—He was a rake by constitution, and a rover by nature, and had no notion of being confined in his amours.—*J'aime la liberté*, was his motto, and he lived up to it.—But there are particular seasons in which men are prompted to do things, they never imagined they could have done, and to adopt opinions, which never entered their heads before.—It does not perhaps yet appear, to what
end

end these reflections are thrown out, or what gave rise to them, but, in due time, the obscurity which darkens the conclusion of this chapter will be removed.

C H A P. II.

A curious conversation between a mother and a daughter.

MRS. Drayton happened to be in her own chamber over the parlour, when Lord George whirled by her house: she could not help marking with great pleasure, the particular notice of Clara, to whom she knew, by his motions, that his eyes were directed, and was vain enough to be flattered by it.—She came immediately into the parlour, and was surprised to see her daughter at work, with as much composure, as if she had seen nobody, but the common objects which presented themselves every day.—“Clara, said she, did not you take notice of
Lord

Lord George Frolick's behaviour to you, as he passed by the door? I never saw a man in such transport in my life. His Lordship was certainly struck in a particular manner with your appearance."

"I saw, Madam, said Clara, very coolly, the young nobleman throw himself in a rapturous attitude, and behave in a particular manner indeed, but neither his person, nor his behaviour made any impression on me.—A man of his Lordship's turn, behaves, I imagine, just in the same way, to every woman he sees upon the road, who is tolerably dressed."—Clara made this speech without taking her eyes from her work, and thereby increased her mother's surprise, at seeing her so composed.

"Why surely Clara, said Mrs. Drayton you are not insensible of the honour which his Lordship did you, by taking such extraordinary notice of you.—The
chariot

chariot went along very quick, indeed, but I will lay any thing, that you have made an impression upon him."

" Indeed, Madam, said Clara, I trouble not myself about his Lordship;—my affections are engaged, but if they were not, my honour is now concerned, and if a Duke made his addresses to me, Mr. Burnaby should have no reason to charge me with infidelity."

" As to Mr. Burnaby, said Mrs. Drayton, I think he behaves in a very odd manner, and I question, after all his professions, whether he will perform his engagements.—When he left you a week ago he desired that you would hasten the preparations for the happy day, as he then called it, but as he has not been here since, he seems to be in no hurry to make you his wife.—So whimsical, so dilatory a lover, (though I confess he is an agreeable, and believe him to be a worthy

thy man, as to his general character) is not to be depended upon, and if, before his return, any higher proposals should be made to you, I think you would not act prudently to refuse them.—Her Ladyship, Clara, sounds more politely, than plain Mrs. such-a-one, and girls in a much lower station of life than you are, have been raised to dignified situations.”

Those who remember the description I gave of Mrs. Drayton's intellectual accomplishments, will exclaim against me here, and charge me with making her talk out of character.—But if they also remember that I said she was a woman, and had all the passions peculiar to her sex, they will not perhaps think that the appearance she makes in this chapter unnatural, though she appears in a disadvantageous light.—Vanity inspires people, who are remarkable for their good sense, sometimes, with very strange conceits,

ceits, and its operations are frequently too sudden, to be accounted for.—To the predominance of this, not uncommon, passion, must the weaknesses of Mrs. Drayton be attributed; they are not to be defended, but may they not be pardoned?—I am serious.

But to reconcile those readers a little to the behaviour of Mrs. Drayton (notwithstanding the above apology for her conduct) who are not over-willing to make allowances for the imperfections of human nature in general, and female nature in particular, let me inform them, that Mrs. Drayton, concluding that his Lordship knew Clara, as well as she knew him (for in the prosperous days of Mrs. Drayton, she and her daughters were extremely well received in the highest ranks of life) concluded also, that his extasies *en passant* arose from the great joy he felt at seeing a girl who had often received many particular marks of his

politeness; and from those extasies she flattered herself, that the unexpected sight of Clara in so obscure a situation, compared to that in which she had formerly figured, had revived all his ideas in her favour.—Such reflections as these, by the magic power of vanity, darted into her mind, while the chariot of Lord George rolled under her eye, and occasioned the above-mentioned conversation with her daughter, in which, the latter undoubtedly discovered a righter way of thinking than the former.—The reflections which passed in the mind of Lord George, when Harry opened his budget of intelligence, will be found in the following chapter.

C H A P. III.

Lord George and Harry in a *tête à tête*.

HARRY, though he had very faithfully executed his commission that very evening, knew his Lordship too well to interrupt him with his intelligence till the next morning.

Lord George was never more surprised in his life, than when he heard that the girl, who had so charmed him at C——, was the sister of her with whom he had been so gallant at Freak-Park.—He had totally forgot Clara's person, though it was once no stranger to him. She was indeed, so much improved by living quietly in a sweet air, and substituting the calm pleasures of the country, to the harassing ones of the town, that she appeared quite a different creature.—Lord George was also rather damped, as well

as surpris'd, to find that the object of his ardent desires was a Drayton, under the management of a discreet mother.—Such mothers are formidable people in the way of men of his Lordship's disposition, and great nuisances to the frolicks of the age, who would make terrible work in families, were they not sometimes obstructed in their *manœuvres*, by the old folks.

The very exact description which Harry gave of Clara's personal charms, was admirably calculated to fan the flames of love, but the account which he gave of her temper, and domestic accomplishments; her sober turn, and dutiful behaviour, rais'd embarrassing reflections in his Lordship's mind, which gave him no small disquietude.—Such an impression, however, had the whole figure of Clara made upon him, that her image was always before him, and frequently, in the midst of the most dissipated scenes in which he was engaged, presented itself to his fancy.—“He wish'd he had not seen her,

her, yet he wished"—to see her again.—We are not always satisfied with what we can easily come at; we often set our hearts upon something difficult to be attained, and make ourselves ridiculously distressed in the pursuit of it. This observation, though not directly to the point, may not be altogether inapplicable to a man in Lord George's situation; who, though he met every day with girls ready enough to receive his addresses in his own way, sighed after one, whom he had little reason to expect so very ready to encourage them, and whom he had no hopes of conquering, without an honourable capitulation.—No man ever disliked more to have honourable affairs upon his hands, in his connections with the fair sex: he had a monstrous aversion to matrimony, and thought there was no happiness without freedom.—Libertines are very apt to consider the marriage state as a state of slavery; but, with all their boasted un-

restraint, are very often the most servile dupes to their imperious mistresses, and smart severely for their temporary attachments.

“ Saddle my horses, Harry, said Lord George, starting from a reverie, immediately—this instant, fly, lose no time.—I will ride through C—— this morning, and take a more leisurely survey of this charming creature.”—Before Harry had got down stairs, he was, by a furious agitation of the bell, re-called.—“ Stay, awhile, Harry—let me think again before I proceed.—To what purpose should I throw myself in her way, unless I had a prospect of possessing her?—the meer sight of her will only add fuel to the fire which rages within my breast, and increase the torments, which I endure—yet I cannot live in this torturing situation;—what’s to be done Harry?”

Harry, finding that his Lordship would lead a very uncomfortable life, by being
detained

detained from an object on which he had fixed his inclinations, proposed a scheme, with the policy of a prime minister, for his having, not only a view of her, but an interview with her.—“ Suppose, my Lord, said he, you made a visit to Mrs. Drayton—your having spent part of the summer with one of her daughters at Freak-Park, gives you a very good opportunity, to introduce yourself to the other.—Your Lordship is not to be told, that the mother, upon these occasions, is the principal person to be attacked.”

Harry, in the management of an intrigue, was, for ingenuity, exceeded by few, for diligence, by none.—Lord George sprung from his chair, and cried—it will do—boots, Harry, boots.—They appeared almost as soon as he mentioned them, and he set off, in high spirits soon afterwards, on the fleetest horse in his stable, followed, by his privy-counsellor.

C H A P. IV.

By which it appears, that Bell Drayton's embarrassments were not removed, by the removal of Lord George Frolick, from Freak-Park.

NOT long after the departure of Lord George from Freak-Park, Colonel Freeman arrived.—Bell was at first vastly pleased at his coming to the house, because he paid particular attentions to her, and very agreeably delivered her, by those attentions, from the impertinencies of Sir Charles.—She thought him the most agreeable man she had ever met with, and many of my fair readers, will, I imagine, not say that Bell had a bad taste, after they have perused the following description of him.

Colonel Freeman was gracefully tall, and handsomly featured ; but had not the
least

least effeminacy, either in his looks or his carriage. His air was spirited, and masculine; there was neither a brazen *fierté*, nor a pert consequentiality in it.—I hope the expressiveness of this word, will make amends for the injury it does the teeth of those who pronounce it—He was robust without being clumsy, and though rather inclining to corpulency, not an inelegant figure.—His person was generally allowed to be pleasing, but he was not so vain of the advantages, which he had received from nature, as to think them sufficient to render a man truly agreeable, without acquired accomplishments; the exterior forms of good breeding he practised through habit; they were natural to him as a soldier, and as a gentleman, but he was not satisfied with those common recommendations. His military avocations, did not wholly engross his attention; he found opportunities to enrich his mind with literary acquisitions, and wrote with as much spirit, as he fought.—With an

improved understanding, and a genteel person, he had a heart uncorrupted by the morals of a camp, and was not ashamed to be a good man, as well as a good officer. With such a head, heart, and person, he was extremely amiable in his disposition, and, for the remarkable sweetness of his temper, was beloved by every body who knew him.—The men under his command, obeyed him with the utmost chearfulness, and almost adored him for his humanity.—Those who are beloved, when they are in power, certainly deserve to be so.

Bell was at first, as I have already said, vastly pleased with the Colonel's coming to Freak-Park; but her pleasure was not of a long duration. Lady Freak owed her a grudge for keeping up her consequence, and highly resented the encouragement, which she thought she gave, both to her husband and his Lordship.—On the arrival of the Colonel, therefore, she

she meditated revenge, and soon studied, with a malicious delight, to prevent him from continuing his attentions to her.—An artful maid was very useful to her in carrying on her ill-natured designs, and between them both, they contrived to make Bell extremely uneasy. Poor Bell had no confidant in the family, and was, therefore, not upon a par with her adversaries.—She grew more and more embarrassed every day, and wished herself, a thousand times any where else with her lover, whom Lady Freak, with all the address in her power, endeavoured to prejudice against her.—Lady Freak, looked upon the Colonel with no kind of aversion, and the hopes of making Bell disagreeable, added to her own inclinations for him, gave a double spirit to her operations.

Bell, from the time of the Colonel's arrival, was infinitely careful of her conduct before him, and tried always to ap-

appear to him in the most advantageous light. She was happy to find that her assiduities to render herself agreeable to him succeeded; the whole course of his behaviour to her, convinced her, that she had made an impression on his heart; to make that impression deeper and deeper, was her daily employment.—Lady Freak, was ready to run mad, at seeing the pains which she took to be Mrs. Freeman, and at perceiving that those pains were not taken in vain.—The Colonel's civilities to her, she could not bear with any degree of patience; how to put an end to them, was the constant labour of her thoughts.—Bell, really behaved with so much discretion, that the Colonel was charmed with her, and frequently spoke in her praise, when she was not in the room with them, to her Ladyship, Sir Charles always joined his encomiums, to those of his friend, and told him, he thought he could not do better than marry her.—Lady Freak was not backward
with

with her panegyrics, on Bell's agreeable and amiable qualities, and said so much to him one day in her favour, that he determined to open his mind in form, and profess himself a lover.

As soon as Lady Freak had worked the Colonel up, to make this resolution, she went to Bell, to whom she had for some time carried herself with unusual politeness, and begged she would not think her impertinent, by interfering in her affairs.

Bell, not half artful enough to manage the person, by whom she was addressed with this plausible introduction, and too much pleased with the alteration in her Ladyship's carriage, to give herself any trouble about the cause of it, with equal politeness desired her to proceed, after having thanked her for the friendliness of her visit.—“ You are very obliging my Lady to interest yourself in my

my affairs, but, I am at a loss to know, what affairs of mine, can be of consequence enough to deserve your Ladyship's attention."

So far, so well. Lady Freak was satisfied with the manner in which Bell encouraged her to proceed, and thus went on.

"You know, my dear Bell, that when we first saw Colonel Freeman upon the road, on the day we came hither, I told you, that I was sure, from his manner of looking at you, he liked you.—Since his arrival here, all my conjectures have been confirmed, and I see him daily very assiduous, to render himself agreeable in your eyes.—He is a most agreeable fellow, and I don't wonder, that you endeavour, by so many of your winning ways, to make yourself so to him.—Nay, don't colour, Bell, your endeavours are too apparent to be over-looked, but you need

need not be ashamed of trying to engage the affections of so amiable a man.—He is only too agreeable, too amiable, my dear; you are not the first person, whom he has drawn in, to be not indifferent, but I speak very sincerely, when I say, that I hope you will be the last”

Bell stared at her Ladyship, during the delivery of this speech, with the utmost astonishment, but was unable to utter a word.

“ Ay, continued, my Lady, you may well stare—you may well be astonished; but you will be more so, when I have opened my heart to you, and communicated what I know concerning him.—The communication of it will hurt me, because it will give you pain, my dear, but by the suppression, I should not prove myself your friend.—When I laughingly talked of bringing you together, I thought the Colonel was a single man.—

I have

I have heard since, that he married a woman in America; who availed herself of his being in liquor, though he is naturally very sober, to commit an action, for which he afterwards severely condemned himself.—Few people in England, are acquainted with this anecdote, but I received it in a letter this morning, from a friend, on whose veracity I can rely, and leave you to make a proper use of it.—The Colonel little suspects that I am mistress of a secret, which he would give all his fortune to bury in oblivion.—I knew you would be amazed at this intelligence, but it is better for you to be amazed than ruined.”

Lady Freak, when she mentioned the word ruined, waited for no reply, but abruptly quitted Bell's apartments.—She pulled the door after her with a spirited touch, and when it was shut, with the silly satisfaction, of a mischievous chit at a board.

a boarding-school, peeped through the key-hole, to see if her speech had operated upon her rival, according to her wishes.—She looked, and she was satisfied.—Every sigh which Bell heaved, was music to her ear, and every tear she dropped, gave her eye delight.—She stood for some time to enjoy her sighs and tears, with a diabolical pleasure, and then retired to talk with her vile associate of more precious mischief.



C H A P. V.

Containing a sketch of a young Lady in
a very awkward situation.

IN the astonishment in which Lady Freak left Bell, she continued a great while, and was deeply affected by the information she had received concerning the Colonel's marriage.—To receive such news, just when she flattered herself with being agreeable in his eyes, as he was in hers, and expected every moment an avowal of his passion, was in the highest degree mortifying.—She was loth to believe what she had heard, but as she could not contradict it, she was as loth to encourage the addresses of a man who now appeared to her in too doubtful a light to be entertained with the slightest approaches to familiarity.—The Colonel, quite unacquainted with what had passed about him, and more than ever animated
by

by the united encomiums of Sir Charles, and Lady Freak, re-doubled his attentions to her, when she came down to dinner, after the discovery mentioned in the foregoing chapter, and was particularly studious to convince her, that she had made a compleat conquest of his heart.—Bell saw him exert all his powers of pleasing, with a mixture of sorrow and satisfaction—but, notwithstanding Lady Freak's intelligence, she could not bring herself to behold him with disgust.—She avoided him however as much as she could, and never trusted herself in his company without a third person.—By so doing she acted a prudential part, in consequence of the information which she had received, but by so doing she cut off all hopes of an eclaircissement, which she might have obtained by a *teté a teté* with him.—Thus embarrassed, she did not know what course to take, what methods to pursue, nor in what manner to come at the real situation of the Colonel's affairs.

[C H A P. VI.]

Containing a sketch of a gentleman, in a very awkward situation.

THE great alteration which the Colonel observed in Bell's behaviour, surprized him.—There was a coolness in it, which made him very uneasy, for he actually loved her, and wished for nothing more, than to declare his passion to her in the strongest terms; but as she studiously avoided a private interview with him, he had no opportunity to disclose the secrets of his breast.—He was as diligent to procure such an interview, as she was to decline it, but with all his generalship, he could never bring her to a parley.—All his finessing was to no purpose; she always found means to retreat, when he thought, from the situation of the ground, that he could attack her with the greatest advantage.—He watch-

watched all her motions, with unwearied vigilance, and unabated ardor: he racked his brains to discover the cause of her coldness; re-viewed his own conduct from the moment of his arrival at Freak-Park, and in wandering mazes lost, found no end to his perplexities.—The more he reflected upon his own conduct, the more he was convinced, that she could have no just reason to complain of it.—Her seeming aversion to the very sight of him, hurt him not a little, but the sight with which she avoided him, and the melancholy air of her countenance, whenever he complimented her, with his usual politeness, affected him beyond expression. He could not imagine what had happened to make him so disagreeable to her, and to render him, at the same time, an object of pity and disgust.—She avoided him, he saw, as if she hated him, but as if she also was sorry to shun his company with so much circumspection.—Her behaviour appeared to him, in the highest degree

gree mysterious, and he was quite wild with impatience, to come at the meaning of it.—If she had been a foolish girl, he would have attributed the change he perceived in her, to caprice, but as she was not at all deficient in sense, he could not suppose, that her actions were entirely under the direction of whim.

Sir Charles, not knowing in what manner his Lady had been plotting against the peace of Bell, whom, as he could not make her subservient to his own desires, he wished happy in an honourable way, joked the Colonel, for looking so grave in her company, and told him, that he did not pursue the point he aimed at, like a soldier.—“She sees you are desperately in love with her, said Sir Charles one morning to him, surprizing him in a thoughtful mood, and therefore, gives herself a few airs, in order to make you advance with more spirit.—Did not you tell me, the other day, that you would

would declare yourself a lover in form?—I see, by the solemnity of your countenance, that you have not made a formal declaration, because nobody, but a rejected lover would look so mortified; and I dare swear, you will not be lent to increase the number of the discarded swains, by Miss Arabella Drayton. No, no, Colonel, no dismissal there.”

“ You are very merry, Sir Charles, said the Colonel; I wish I could be so; but while Miss Drayton behaves to me, with so much coolness and reserve, I cannot help shewing by my looks, the uneasy situation of my heart.—Indeed, Sir Charles, you wrong her, in saying that she gives herself airs about me; if she was a coquette, and thought that she had made a sure conquest of me, she would draw me to a declaration, to have the pleasure of rejecting me.—But as she flies from me with so much precaution, and receives all my little compliments before

before Lady Freak, and yourself, with a sorrowful indifference, I am rather inclined to believe, that she is either pre-engaged to another man, or has taken offence at something in my carriage to her. She has too much sense—”

“O, as to sense, Colonel, interrupted Sir Charles, that goes for nothing with me; very sensible women in love-matters, act sometimes very unaccountably.—My friend, [Bell is, I allow, not to be classed among the young women void of understanding, but she is not too wise to be vain of her powers.—Turn the tables upon her, look cool, appear indifferent, discover the strongest symptoms of insensibility, and the day is your own.—All that pretty melancholy will go off, when she finds it of no service to her, and she will then take as much pains to meet, as she now takes to avoid you.—I have studied the sex thoroughly; I have had several engagements with them. Follow
my

my advice, and if your stars are not devilish crosses indeed, you will soon run to me with open arms, and bid me give you joy on your success." With this speech Sir Charles left him to his ruminations.

C H A P. VII.

Much bustle and hurry at the Drayton-house.

TH E very day after that, on which Lord George flourished through C——, Clara was astonished, as she sat working in the parlour, to see his Lordship riding towards the house on horseback.—The sight of him surprised her, but it gave her no pleasure.—She ran up stairs, to inform her mother, who was coming down, with a smiling countenance, to desire her to set herself off to the best advantage to his Lordship.—Clara coloured, said she was not well enough to see company, and begged she

might retire to her own apartment.—Mrs. Drayton, not having heard Clara complain of the least indisposition, when she left her but a few moments before, could not help suspecting her sudden illness to be counterfeited, and with some tartness of accent, chided her for being so silly, as to hide herself at a time, when her appearance might be attended with very flattering consequences.—Clara persisted in her request to retire with redoubled earnestness, and her mother with redoubled vehemence, urged the folly of her retreat. In the middle of this domestic dialogue upon the stairs, the house shook by the violent agitation of Harry's thundering hand.—They were both immensely embarrassed, and the concussion was repeated.—One of the servants had been sent out, and the other was obstructed in her passage from the garret.—Mrs. Drayton, not being able to prevail on Clara, to be present at the entrance of his Lordship, made way for the servant,
and

and endeavoured to compose herself to receive him properly in the parlour; but she was too much fluttered, to receive him with her usual tranquillity.

“ I am a little abrupt I believe, Mrs. Drayton (said Lord George, shuffling into the room with his boots, with all the happy carelessness of a man of fashion) in the first form, but I make no apology, for the impertinence of my visit.—You will, I know, forgive me, when I tell you that your daughter is the cause of it.—A mighty pretty private situation this, Ma’am; a very enviable retirement, I swear, by all that’s rural.”

“ You honour me extremely, my Lord, replied Mrs. Drayton, by this visit, and flatter my vanity no less by telling me that my daughter is the cause of it.”

“ She is indeed, Ma’am. I left her vastly well, and in good spirits at Freak-

Park, and thought you would like to hear that she was so.—Upon my honour, Mrs. Drayton, your daughter is a fine girl, and would make a very striking figure on a birth-night at court.”

Mrs. Drayton, now beginning to imagine, that Lord George was really charmed with Bell, and only saluted Clara as he passed by, on the preceeding evening, as the sister of her who had captivated his heart, made no attempts to embarrass her, by sending the servant to intreat her to come down.

“ I am very happy in my daughters, my Lord, replied Mrs. Drayton, and am sincerely glad, that Bell has behaved so, as to make you say such things in her favour.—She is a good girl, I believe, with all her vivacity, and means no manner of harm with all her liveliness.—Young folks, my Lord, are apt to be a little giddy at her time of life, but—”

“ O,

“ O, pray mention no more upon that subject, Ma'am—I like Miss Bell the more for being of such a sprightly disposition.—She makes the house which is honoured by her company, all alive, and I confess, I never found Freak-Park so agreeable as this summer, because I never had the pleasure of seeing Miss Bell there before.

Lord George, while he delivered this speech, lolling, over the back of the chair which stood next to him, with one leg thrown across the other, frequently turned his eyes to the door, and listened with impatience to every little noise which he heard, hoping to see Clara enter the room.—Mrs. Drayton, by his Lordship's last speech, being more and more convinced, that Bell was the girl who had won his affections, thought that if Clara was acquainted with the true occasion of the visit, she would have no objection to

see the lover of her sister; and making a very polite apology to Lord George, for leaving him a few minutes, went up to her daughter.—“My dear Clara, said she, I am sorry I have given you any uneasiness, by pressing you to receive his Lordship; but I believe you will have no objections now to come down to him.—He is just arrived from Freak-Park, and speaks in such high terms about your sister, that I am sure he likes her prodigiously. I may, for mothers are apt to be partial, be out in my guess, but he certainly talks of her in a very particular manner.”—“I am extremely obliged to you Madam, said Clara, for so kindly endeavouring to remove the uneasiness, which you, with very good intentions, occasioned, and am ready to wait on you.—I wish my sister a great deal of happiness, into whatever situation fortune throws her, and shall see her in the highest without the least envy.—I am ready Madam, to attend you.”

During

During this short conversation between Mrs. Drayton and Clara, Burnaby arrived, but as he did not enter the house with such a pompous prelude as Lord George, the ladies did not know that he was in the parlour, till they saw him.—The servants admitted him as one of the family, and he hurried into the parlour with his usual familiarity. He started at seeing nobody but a stranger of his own sex, but men of the world are soon acquainted with each other.

C H A P. VIII.

Supplemental to the foregoing one.

WHEN Mrs. Drayton and Clara entered the parlour, a master of expression upon canvas might have exhibited the passion of surprize in four striking situations.—Burnaby approached Mrs. Drayton with great respect, and accosted Clara with great politeness, but

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looked

looked at them both as if he longed to know, what business his new acquaintance did there, who had been very lavish of his encomiums on Miss Drayton's beauty ; and he was still more disconcerted, when his Lordship, running up to Mrs. Drayton, told her how infinitely he was obliged to her for bringing her daughter with her, and poured out a number of rapturous compliments to Clara, with as much ease, as if he had been intimate in the family. Clara seeing by Burnaby's behaviour, that he was alarmed at the freedom of Lord George, was very much embarrassed, and could not tell how to convince him, that he had no reason to be so.—As she considered my Lord as the apparent lover of her sister, she received his civilities with a very proper politeness, but that politeness stirred up sensations in Burnaby's breast, which were not at all agreeable to him,—and those sensations were rather increased, than diminished, by Mrs. Drayton's seeming

pleased with his Lordship's behaviour, and frequently mentioning the honour he conferred upon her family.—Bell's name not being once taken notice of, he viewed this gentleman, for he knew nothing of his rank, as his rival, and, in the true spirit of jealousy, imagined that he had, by the superiority of his fortune, biassed both the mother and daughter against him, in his absence.—Mrs. Drayton herself, was no less embarrassed than her daughter, equally unwilling to affront my Lord, and equally unhappy in keeping Burnaby upon the rack of suspense.

Lord George was by far, the happiest figure in the group, for Clara's deportment to him, though it was in the highest degree delicate, flattered his vanity, and made him believe that she was prepossessed in his favour.—He told Mrs. Drayton, when he took leave of her, that he had never spent a more agreeable morning, and making a very low bow to Clara,
said

said, I am particularly obliged to you Miss Drayton, for making my visit so agreeable, and shall be very much tempted to be troublesome again.—He then mounted, but, before he rode away, cried out to Mrs. Drayton who stood at the door, “Pray don’t forget, Mrs. Drayton, to speak a good word for me to your daughter, for I long to be better acquainted with her.”—With this speech Lord George galloped off, full of the visions of fancy, and left Mrs. Drayton, as much deluded by the same.

C H A P. IX.

The embarrassments occasioned by Lord George’s visit, removed to the satisfaction of all parties.

“**I** am heartily glad his Lordship is gone,” said Clara, as soon as she saw him gallop from the door.—“Lordship! cried Burnaby, astonished, what is that

gentleman who was so familiar with you a Lord?"—"Yes, yes, said Mrs. Drayton, coming into the parlour at that instant, he is indeed, and though I am much honoured by the notice he takes of my daughter, I am not sorry he is gone, because his presence, I saw, gave you uneasiness, and because his free behaviour made you believe that Clara had got a new lover during your stay in the country."

—"I was uneasy, I own, Madam, at the freedom of his Lordship's behaviour, and am not less so, by your saying that you are honoured by it.—If there is any serious meaning in it, you ought not to encourage it; if his Lordship means nothing by his carriage, you are rather dishonoured by his visits to your daughter.—Miss Drayton, I dare say, if she is not dazzled with his title, and flattered with the hopes of more splendid connections, is of my opinion, though by her manner of receiving his raptures, she seemed to think

think herself honoured by them.—I am not blind, I can—”

Here Clara could not help interrupting him; she felt herself hurt by his suspicions, and the tears were just ready to start into her eyes, when she thus addressed him.—

“Indeed, indeed, Mr. Burnaby, you wrong me greatly in supposing that you have been injured by the attention I gave to his Lordship’s civilities, and by the manner in which I returned them.—I endeavoured to behave to him not as to a man with whom I wished to be allied, but as to a man who might, possibly, be one day related to me.”

“Related to you, Miss Drayton!” cried he, with eagerness.—

“Do not be so impetuous, Sir, said Clara; a man may surely be related to me, without being my husband.—My mother will tell you in what light she
looks

looks upon his Lordship, and in no other light do I desire to behold him."

"By the smile with which you refer me to your mother, Miss Drayton, you give me room to expect happier moments, than those which I have passed since my arrival here this morning, and I am ready to hear her with the calmness of a philosopher. Come, Madam, said he, turning briskly to Mrs. Drayton, clear up matters as soon as you please. I am impatient."

"To give you satisfaction then, Sir, replied Mrs. Drayton, in a regular way, I must inform you, that the young nobleman of whom we have been talking, and who has occasioned such an agitation in your mind, is Lord George Frolick—He is just come from Freak-Park, and called upon me to let me know, that he left my daughter Bell there in good health.—He spoke so highly in Bell's
praise

praise, that I believe the girl has made an impression upon him.—There is no saying, what may come of this affair, but to be sure, girls in a much lower situation than my daughter is in, have enobled themselves by marriage.—I am not weak enough to be elated upon this occasion, but till I find reason to suspect appearances, shall consider my Lord as a lover.—This discovery will, I hope, entirely banish your doubts concerning Clara, and convince you, that she is true to her first engagement. She would not even see his Lordship, till I informed her of the occasion of his visit, and as I have now acquainted you with the cause of it, I am willing to think, that you are not dissatisfied with her behaviour to him.”

“ No, Madam, said Burnaby transported—I am perfectly satisfied.—Excuse me, Miss Drayton, for all my fallies of doubt, and flights of suspicion—I love you too well to be indifferent; and
those

those who are not indifferent, will often be alarmed.—I may perhaps appear contemptible in your eyes, by giving way to such unjust surmises and fears; but as I, by those very fears, unjust, unreasonable as they are, prove the sincerity of my affection, I hope that I need make no more apologies for them.—If I was not thoroughly in love with you, I should not care by whom you was followed, I should view it with unconcern.—I am quite contented with your behaviour, Miss Drayton, but have some objections to your sister's—I shall not envy her luck, in the least, if she steps into her coronetted chariot, but if she really encouraged Lord George's addresses, she should have absolutely rejected those of my friend, Colonel Freeman, who acquaints me in a letter which I have in my pocket, that, charmed with Miss Drayton's person, and animated by the encouragement which she gave him, he was going to make a formal declaration of his passion.—He
mentioned

mentioned not a syllable about Lord George, therefore, I suppose, his Lordship decamped before his arrival.—If Miss Bell has any prospect of being Lady Frolick, she can have no inducement to become Mrs. Freeman.—Her carriage therefore to the latter, is not consistent with her supposed behaviour to the former.—However, as he is a complete *Inamorato* himself, he may perhaps draw conclusions too hastily, in his own favour, and therefore I will not be too hasty in censuring her conduct.”—

Burnaby then turned the conversation to his own affairs, told Clara that every thing was ready for her reception at * * * * *, and begged that she would prevent him from exposing himself any more with his ridiculous doubts concerning her constancy, by fixing upon the following Saturday for their nuptials.—Clara was too well pleased with her lover, to refuse his request, but thinking that a
woman

woman could not without some indelicacy fix upon her wedding-day, replied with a sweet blush upon her countenance, that he knew her assent was ready to every thing which he proposed.—In this manner ended the embarrassments of the morning.

C H A P. X.

Horseback conversation, between Lord George and Harry.

LORD George, highly delighted with his visit, was in tip-top spirits, and could not keep his joy to himself.—Uncommunicated joy is a poor affair. There are many people, who when they are remarkably happy, run into a corner, to be happy by themselves; no friend, no companion shares it with them.—Lord George as little envied such people as I do.—He talked all the way home.—These were some of his effusions.—“ She is
a

a pretty bred thing, Harry, is n't she?—carries her head well.—The old Lady was very loth to shew her, but she thought better of it—She's no fool, Harry, I gave broad hints, and she took them quite like a knowing-one—I love to deal with such folks, there is no trouble with them.—A fine day, by Jupiter.—The girl too seems a willing tit—Ay, ay, let me alone to manage the fillies; I know all their paces—I am rarely flung, hey, Harry?"—He bawled out these lively sentences as loudly as he could, and tho' he frequently asked his opinion, seldom gave him an opportunity to deliver it.—
 "I must ride again on this road soon, for I find I shall have a good deal of sport in it, continued my Lord, mother Drayton is a clever sort of an old Lady, and understands business; hey Harry?"

"Yes, my Lord, said Harry, and she will find that your Lordship understands it too."

"Right,

“ Right, Harry, so she will, said my Lord; I am no novice in these matters. That’s a d——d fine girl in the green habit, by Jove; she sits like wax upon her saddle, and is a bold rider.—He’s a happy dog who is upon good terms with her—But my girl at C—— beats her, for all that, take her all together though, she has not so blooming a complexion. If Clara Drayton loves riding, I will soon make an angel of her.—Her complexion is not at all amiss, but it will be prodigiously improved by exercise.—I must contrive to get her on horseback, in order to execute a little scheme which is just now come into my head; and strike a spirited stroke.—I can’t tell you what it is, till we are at home—you must exert yourself too, Harry, upon the occasion, for it will require a d——d deal of dexterity to finish my plan in a masterly manner.”

“ I am always ready with my hands and my head to assist your Lordship in all your undertakings, said Harry, and wish we may succeed.—I long to know what new scheme your Lordship has thought of—I am sure your Lordship’s contrivances will be ingenious to come at the possession of Miss Drayton in your own way.”

In this kind of incoherent chat, did the noble Lord George, and the trusty promoter of his pleasures, fill up the hour in which they were upon their horses, and puzzle all the people they met, to know whether they had broken out of Bedlam, or had flustered themselves with liquor.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.



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